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COMPENSATION.

BY E. S. T.

I am not a prosperous man;
The ships I send to sea
Are apt to meet some strange defeat
Ere they come back to me.

This morning, waking slow
To a sense of the coming day,
Of the life too mean, and the might have been,
My coward heart gave way.

My heart appalled sank down;
But rose again with a leap
At our delight when at dead of night
Our babe laughed out in his sleep.

FOR LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NULL AND VOID," "MADAM'S WARD," "THE HOUSE IN THE CLOSE," "WHITE HERRINS AND RED," "ONLY ONE LOVE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.

FOR A MOMENT even the stout-hearted Rector was appalled. But Enid, although she was watching him intently, could not read anything but unfaltering sympathy and ready cheer in the glance that he gave her and the words that rose almost immediately to his tongue.

"Courage! Doctors are very often wrong," he said. "Besides, I do not see why such an ending should be feared, even if there were any constitutional tendency of the kind in your family, which there is not to my knowledge."

"No," said Enid, less timidly than before; "I believe there is not. I have asked."

"Your attacks are only nervous, my dear Miss Vane. The fact of your having—foolishly, I think—been told the doctors' theories has made it less possible for you to strive against the malady; and yet you say that it has not made progress lately. You have not been ill in this way for at least six months?"

"No, not for six months."

"Don't you see that the excitement and fatigue of to-day's expedition and the sad scene you have just witnessed would be likely to increase any ailment of the nervous system? You must not argue anything from what has happened to-day. Forgive me," the Rector broke off to say, with a smile—"I am talking like a doctor to you, and my medical skill is small indeed. It is only large enough to enable me to assure you, Miss Vane, of my conviction that your fears are ungrounded, and that you are tormenting yourself to no purpose. Will you try to take my advice and turn your thoughts away from this unhappy subject?"

"I will try," answered Enid, with rather a bewildered look. "But," she added a moment later, "I thought that I ought always to be on my guard; and one cannot be on one's guard without thinking about the matter."

"Who told you that you ought to be always on your guard?"

"Flossy—I mean Mrs. Vane. She is very kind and watches me constantly. Oh, I forgot," said the girl, starting to her feet and clasping her hands before her with a look of wretched nervous terror which went to the Rector's heart—"I forgot—I forgot——"

"What did you forget?" said Evandale, wondering for a moment whether her mind was not unhinged by all that she had passed through that afternoon. Then, touched by her evident distress, he went on more lightly, "I have been forgetting that you will be missed at the Hall by this time, and that the whole country-side will be out after you if we do not go back at once. I will send for a carriage and drive down with you, if you will allow me."

Enid sank back on the sofa and assented listlessly. Mr. Evandale left the room, and sent in his absence a comfortable-looking old housekeeper with wine and biscuits offers of tea and coffee, and all sorts of medicaments suitable to a young lady who had been faint and unwell—as was only to be expected after witnessing the death of Mrs. Meldreth, that troublesome old person having expired quite suddenly that afternoon when Miss Vane and Mr. Evandale were both at her bedside.

Enid was not inclined to accept any of Mrs. Hale's attentions, but, out of sheer dislike to hurting her feelings, she at last accepted a cup of tea, and was glad of the reviving warmth which it brought to her cold and tired limbs. And then Mr. Evandale returned.

"There is no carriage at the inn," he said; "and I am sorry to say, Miss Vane, that I do not possess one that would suit you—I have only a high dog-cart and a kicking mare; so I have taken the liberty of sending down to the Hall and telling Mrs. Vane that you are here; and she will no doubt send a carriage for you. I wrote a little note to her—it is the best thing, I thought, that I could do."

"Yes," said Enid, almost inaudibly.

Then she leaned back and closed her eyes, looking as if she felt sick and faint.

Mrs. Heale glided away in obedience to a nod from her master, and the Rector was once more alone with Enid Vane.

"I hope," he said, with a slight hesitation which was rather graceful in a man of his commanding stature and singular loftiness of bearing—"I hope, Miss Vane, you will not think that I have been intrusive when I tell you that I entreated Sabina Meldreth to confess anything that might weigh upon her conscience, as her mother had confessed, to you."

A great wave of crimson suddenly passed over Enid's pallid cheeks and brow. She raised a pair of startled eyes to the Rector's face, and then said quickly—

"Did she tell you?"

"No, Miss Vane, she did not."

"Then will you promise me," said Enid, with sudden earnestness, "never to ask her again?"

"How can I do that? It may be my duty to ask her for her soul's sake; you would be the last one to counsel me to be silent then."

"Oh, but you do not understand! I know now—I know what is weighing on Sabina Meldreth's mind; and I have forgiven her."

"It was a wrong done to you?"

"Yes—to me."

"And to no one else?"

Enid's head dropped.

"I don't know—I can't tell. I must think it over."

"Yes—think and pray," said the Rector gravely but tenderly; "and remember that truth should always prevail."

"I know—I believe it; but it would do more harm than good."

"Miss Vane, if I am indiscreet, I trust you will pardon me. If by any chance this confession has reference to the death of your father, Mr. Sydney Vane, it is your duty to make it known, at any cost to your own feelings."

The girl looked up with an expression of relief.

"It does not bear on that subject at all, Mr. Evandale."

"I am glad. You will forgive me for alluding to it? A wild fancy crossed my mind that it had something to do with that."

"I shall not forget your kindness," said Enid gratefully.

"And, if you are in perplexity—in any trouble—will you trust me to do all for you that is in my power? If you ever want help, you will remember that I am ready—ready for all—all that you might require ——"

He never finished his speech, which was perhaps fortunate for him. With Enid's soft eyes, slightly distressed and appealing in expression, looking straight into his own, with the sight before him of her pale wistful face, the lovely lips which had fallen into so pathetic a curve of weariness and sorrow, how could the Rector be expected to preserve his self-possession?

His thoughts and his words became confused; he did not quite know what he was saying, nor whether she heard and understood him aright.

He was glad to remember afterwards that the expression of her countenance did not change; he brought neither alarm nor astonishment into her eyes; there were only gentle gratitude and a kind of hopelessness the meaning of which he could not fathom, in the girl's still raised, listening face. But at that very moment a knock came to the door; and half to the Rector's relief, half to his embarrassment, the General himself walked in.

"Ah, thank Heaven she is here!" were the old man's first words. "We thought she was lost, Mr. Evandale—we did indeed. I met your messenger on the way to the Hall, and sent him on for the carriage. A pretty time you've given us young lady!" he said, smiling at Enid and pinching her chin, and then grasping the Rector's hand with a look of relief and gratitude which told its own story.

"Miss Vane has been a good deal distressed and upset," said Mr. Evandale. "She was at Mrs. Meldreth's bedside when the old woman died this afternoon, and the scene was naturally very painful. I brought her here that she might rest and recover herself a little before going home."

He wanted to explain and simplify matters for Enid's benefit; he had grasped the fact that her uncle's entrance was making her exceedingly nervous. He put it down to fear of the General's anger, but it afterwards occurred to him that Mrs. Meldreth's confession might, for some reason or other, be the cause of her agitation.

Certainly her distress and confusion were at that moment very marked. She had risen from her seat at his entrance, her color changing to crimson and then to dead white more than once during the Rector's speech.

It settled at last into a painful pallor, which so impressed the General that he did not even administer the gentle rebuke which he had intended Enid to receive for her infringement of the rules on which her life was based.

He could not scold her when she stood before him, pale to the very lips, her eyelids cast down, her hands joined together and nervously trembling, a very embodiment of conscious guilt and shame.

"Bless my soul, she does look upset, and no mistake!" he exclaimed, in his hearty and impulsive way. "Come, my dear—don't be so miserable about it! I dare say you did not know how late it was, and the poor woman could not be left. Yes, I quite understand; and I will explain it all to your aunt. Sit down and rest until the carriage comes, as the Rector does not mind our invasion of his study."

Mr. Evandale made some polite but slightly incoherent rejoinder, to which nobody listened, for the General's attention was at that moment completely monopolised by Enid, who, on feeling his arm around her, suddenly hid her face on his shoulder and burst into tears.

"Oh, uncle," she sobbed, "you are so kind—so good! Forgive me!"

"Forgive you, my dear? There is nothing to forgive!" said the astonished General, in a slightly reproving tone. "Of course I do not like your staying out so late on a winter afternoon, but you need not make such a fuss about it, my child. You must control yourself—control yourself, you know. There, there—don't cry! What will Mr. Evandale think of you? Why, bless me, Evandale has gone! Well, well, you need not cry—I am not angry at all—only stop crying—there's a good girl!"

"Say you forgive me, uncle!" moaned the girl, heedless of his rather disconnected remarks, which certainly had no bearing at all on the dilemma forced upon her by the nature of Mrs. Meldreth's confession.

"Forgive you, my dear? Why, of course I do! You're a little upset, are you not? But you must not give way like this—it'll never do—never do," said the General, patting her on the back benevolently. "There now—dry your eyes, like a good girl; and I think I hear the carriage in the lane, so we must be going. You've no idea how anxious about you poor dear Flossy has been all the afternoon."

He was pleased to see that her tears were checked. She raised herself from his shoulder and brushed away the salt drops with which her cheeks were wet; but she sobbed no longer, and she stood perfectly still and calm.

He was not a man of keen observation; and, if the cold white look which suddenly overspread her countenance had any meaning, it was not one that he was likely to read aright.

A servant brought the intelligence that the carriage was at the door, and shortly afterwards the Rector appeared. He had slipped away when Enid burst into tears, hoping she might confide to the General what she had refused to confide to him; but a glance at the faces of the two told him that his hopes had not been realised.

The kindly complacency which characterised the General's countenance was undisturbed, while Enid's face bore the impress of mingled perplexity and despair.

It seemed to Maurice Evandale that each expression would have been changed if Enid had bared her heart to her uncle. He did not know—he could not even guess—what her secret was; but he instinctively detected the presence of trouble, perhaps of danger.

The two men parted very cordially; for the General was deterred from seeing much of the Rector only by Mrs. Vane's dislike of him, and his kindly feeling was all the more effusive because he had so few opportunities of expressing it. Enid took leave of the Rector with a look, a wan little smile which touched him inexpressibly.

"You have part of my secret," it seemed to say. "Help me to bear the burden; I am weak and need your aid."

He vowed to himself that he would do all that a man could do—all that she might ever ask. But Enid was quite unconscious of having made that mute appeal.

She lay back in a corner of the carriage, saying she was too tired to talk. The General left her in peace, but took one of her little hands and held it tenderly between his own. He could not imagine why it trembled and fluttered so much, why once it seemed to try to drag itself away. The poor girl must be quite overdone, he thought to himself; she was far too kind, too tender-hearted to go about amongst the village people and witness all their woes; she was not strong enough to do such work—he must speak to Flossy about it.

And, while he was thus thinking, the carriage turned in at the park gates and presently halted at the great front-door. The servants came forward to assist the

General, who was a little stiff in the joints now and then; and he, in his turn, gave an arm to Enid as she alighted.

The old butler looked at her curiously as she entered and stood for a moment, dazed and bewildered in the hall. Miss Enid was always pale, but he had never seen her look so white and scared. She must be ill, he decided, and especially when she shrank so oddly as he deferentially mentioned his mistress's name.

"My mistress hoped that you would come to her sitting-room as soon as you arrived, ma'am," he said.

She made a strange answer.

"No, no—I cannot—I cannot see her to-night!"

The General was instantly at Enid's side.

"Enid, my dear, what do you mean? Your aunt wants to see you. She won't be vexed with you—I'll make it all right with her," he added, in a lower tone. "She has been terribly anxious about you. Come I will take you to her room."

"Not just now, uncle—not to-night," said the girl, in a tone of mingled pain and dread. "I—I can't bear it—I am ill—I must be alone now!"

"My dear child, you must go to bed and rest. I'll explain it all to Flossy. She will come to see you."

"No, no—I can't see any one! Forgive me, uncle; I hardly know what I am saying or doing. I shall be better to-morrow. Till then—till then at least I must be left in peace!"

She broke from his detaining hand with something like violence that the General looked after her in wonder as she ran up-stairs.

"She must be ill indeed!" he murmured thoughtfully to himself, as he wended his way to his wife's boudoir, to make his report to Flossy.

Meanwhile Enid's progress up-stairs was barred for a moment by her little playmate and scholar, Dick, who ran out of his nursery to greet her with a cry of joy. To his surprise and mystification, cousin Enid did not stop to kiss him—did not even give him a pleasant word or smile.

With a stifled cry she disengaged her frock from his hand, breaking from him as she had broken from the General just before, and sped away to her own room. He heard her turn the key in her door, and, for the first time realising the enormity of the woe that had come upon him—the unprecedented fact that cousin Enid had been unkind—he lifted up his voice and burst into a storm of sobs which would at an ordinary time have brought her instantly to his side to comfort and caress.

But this time Enid either did not hear or did not heed. She was crouching down by the side of her bed, with her face hid in the coverlet and her hands pressed over her ears, as if to exclude all sound of the world without; and between the difficult passionate sobs by which her whole frame was shaken one phrase escaped from her lips from time to time—a phrase which would have been unintelligible enough to an ordinary hearer, but would have recalled a long and shameful story to the minds of Florence Vane and one other woman in the world.

"Sabina Meldreth's child!" she muttered to herself, not knowing what she said. "How can I bear it? Oh, my poor uncle! Sabina Meldreth's child!"

CHAPTER XIX.

HUBERT LEPEL has promised to spend Christmas Day at Beechfield, but for some unexplained reason he stayed away, sending at the last moment a telegram which his sister felt to be unsatisfactory.

Flossy did not often exert herself to obtain a guest; but on this occasion she wrote a rather reproachful letter to her brother, and begged him not to fail to visit them on New Year's Eve.

"The General was disappointed," she wrote, and so was some one else."

Hubert thought that she meant herself, felt a thrill of wondering compassion, and duly presented himself at the Hall on the thirty-first day of December.

He saw Flossy alone in her luxurious boudoir before any one else knew of his arrival. He thought her looking ill and haggard, and asked her after her health. To his surprise the question made her very angry.

"Of course I am not well—I am never well," she answered; "but I am no worse than usual. There is some one else in the house whose appearance you had better inquire after."

"You are fond of talking in riddles. Do you mean the General?" said Hubert rather drily.

"No, not the General," Florence answered, setting her lips.

Hubert shrugged his shoulders and changed the subject. He had not an idea of what she meant; but when, shortly before dinner, he first saw Enid a light flashed across his mind—Flossy meant that the girl was ill.

He had certainly been rather dense and rather unkind, he thought to himself, not to ask after her. And how delicate she was looking! What was the matter with her? It was not merely that she was thinner and paler, but that an indefinable change had come over her countenance. The shadow that had always lurked in her sweet eyes seemed to have fallen at last over her whole face, darkening its innocent candor, obscuring its tranquil beauty; the look of truthfulness and of ignorance of evil had gone.

No child-face was it now—rather that of a woman who had been forced to look evil in the face and was repelled and sickened at the sight. There was no joy in the eyes with which Enid now looked upon the world.

Hubert watched her steadily through the long and elaborate meal which the General thought appropriate to New Year's Eve, noting her weariness, her languor, her want of interest in anything that went on, and could not understand the change.

Was this girl—sick apparently in body and mind—the guileless maiden who had listened with such flattering attention to the stories of his wanderings in foreign lands when he last came down to Beechfield Hall? He tried her with similar tales—they had no interest for her now. She was silent, distraite, preoccupied. Still gentle and sweet to every one, she was no longer bright; smiles seemed to be banished for ever from her lips.

She and Florence scarcely spoke to each other. The General did not seem to notice this fact, but Hubert had not been half an hour in their company before he recognized its force. They must have quarrelled, he said to himself rather angrily—Flossy had probably tried to tyrannize, and the girl had resented her interference.

Flossy was a fool; he would speak to her about it as soon as he had the opportunity, and get the truth from her—forgetting for the moment that, if ever a man set himself an impossible task, it was this one of getting the truth from Flossy.

Before dinner was ended, the sound of footsteps, the tuning of instruments, the clearing of voices could be distinguished in the hall. Hubert glanced at his host for explanation, which was speedily given.

"It is the village choir," he said confidentially. "They come on Christmas Eve and on New Year's Eve and sing in the hall. When they have finished, they all have a glass of wine and drink our healths before they go down to supper in the kitchen. It's an old custom."

"And a very disagreeable one," said Mrs. Vane calmly. "Your ears will be tortured Hubert, by the atrocious noise they make. With your permission, Enid and I will go to the drawing-room;" and, glancing at Enid, she rose from her chair.

"My dear Flossy, I entreat of you to stay!" said the General. "You have never gone away before—it would hurt their feelings immensely. I have sent word for Dick to be brought down; I mean them to drink his health too, bless the little man! It will be quite a slight to us all if you go away."

Flossy smiled ironically, but she looked at Enid in what Hubert thought a rather peculiar way. He knew his sister's face very well, and he could not but fancy that there was some apprehension in the keen glance.

Enid sat still, looking at the tablecloth before her. Her face had grown perceptibly paler, but she did not move. A little spot of red suddenly showed itself on each of Mrs. Vane's delicate cheeks.

"Well, Enid, what do you say?" she asked, with a less languor of utterance than usual. "Do you wish to suffer a purgatory of discord? Come—let us go to the drawing-room; nobody will notice whether we are here or not."

"My dear, I said I wish you to stay," began the General anxiously; but Florence only laughed a little wildly, and beat her fan once or twice on the table.

"Come, Enid. We have music enough, surely! You are coming?"

"No, I am going to stay here," said the girl, without raising her eyes. Her tone was exceedingly cold.

Flossy bit her lip, laughed again, and sank back into her chair with an air of would-be indifference.

"If you stay, I suppose I must," she said lightly; but there was a strange glitter in her narrowed eyes, and she bit her lip with her little white teeth so strongly and so sharply as to draw the blood.

"Here comes Dick," said the General, whose placidity was quite restored by his wife's consent to stay—"here he comes! There, my boy—seen uncle Hubert yet? Go and kiss him, and then come back to me and I'll give you some dessert."

The fair-haired little fellow looked smaller and shyer than Hubert remembered him. He had very little color in his face, but his eyes lighted up joyfully when he saw the visitor, and he put his arms round Hubert's neck with such evident satisfaction that his uncle felt quite flattered.

But, when Dick was perched upon his father's knee, and the singers had struck up their first florid chant, he was surprised to find that Enid had raised her blue eyes and was steadily regarding him with a searching yet sorrowful look, which seemed as if it would explore the inmost recesses of his soul. For various reasons Hubert felt that he could not long endure that gaze.

The best way of stopping it was to return it, and therefore, although with an effort which was almost agonizing, he suddenly looked back into her eyes with a composure and resolute boldness which caused her own very speedily to sink.

The color rose to her face, she gave a slight quickly-suppressed sigh, and she did not look up again.

Puzzled, troubled, vaguely suspicious, Hubert wondered whether his calm reception of her gaze had silenced the doubt of him which he was nearly sure that he read in those sad blue eyes. He knew that Flossy was watching him and watching her, and he envied the General his guileless enjoyment of all that was going on and Dick's innocent pleasure in what was to him a great and unwonted treat.

When two songs had been sung, with much growling of the bass and a general misconception of the functions of a tenor, with a great scraping of violin strings and much want of harmony amongst the 'cellos the General called the butler and told him to open the door.

The dining-room had two wide folding-doors opening into the hall, and, when they were flung open, a motely crowd of village faces could be seen. A row of shrill-voiced chorister boys, much muffled up in red comforters, stood foremost; behind them came the singing men and the performers on instruments—a diverse little crowd of men and youths.

In the background, some six or eight singing women and girls presented a half-bold, half-shy appearance, as knowing that they were there on sufferance only, and that the Rector had been doing his best to prevent their going out at nights to sing with the village choir. But the General had "backed them up;" but he did not like the discontinuance of old customs, and was inclined to think the Rector unduly strict. Accordingly they stood in their accustomed places, but, as most of them felt, probably for the last time on New Year's Eve.

The faces of men and women and children, with one exception, were wreathed in smiles; but that one exception was notable indeed. Hubert with his trained powers of keen observation, observed a lowering face directly.

It was that of a tall woman neatly dressed in black—a young woman with fair hair curled over her forehead and rather prominent blue eyes—a coarse-looking girl, he thought, in spite of her pale coloring and sombre garments. Her brows were drawn together over her eyes in an angry frown; she was biting her lip, much as Flossy had been doing, and there was not a gleam of good humor or pleasure in her eyes.

Hubert wondered idly why she had come, when she seemed to enjoy her occupation so very little.

The opening of the doors was the signal for a volley of clapping, stamping, and shouting. When this was over the butler and his helpers appeared with trays of well-filled glasses, which were taken by members of the choir, down to the smallest child present, with great alacrity. The fair woman in the background was once more an exception—she took no wine.

The General filled his own glass and signed to Hubert to do the same for the ladies. He then stood up and prepared to make his usual New Year's Eve speech. But this time he did what he had never done before—he lifted up his little son on to the chair on which he had been sitting, and made his oration with one arm round little Dick's slender shoulders. To Hubert it seemed a pretty sight. Why did it give no pleasure to Florence and to Enid? Florence's eyes glittered, and a spot of blood was painfully conspicuous on her white lips; but Enid, sitting silent with downcast eyes, was now unusually flushed. A student of character might have said that, while Flossy seemed merely excited, Enid—the timid, delicate, pure-minded Enid—looked ashamed.

"My dear friends," the General began, "I'm so very much obliged to you for coming, you know—very much obliged. So are my wife and my niece, and my little boy here—so far as he understands anything about it—very much obliged to you all. You know I ain't much of a speech-maker—'Actions speak louder than words' was always my maxim"—great cheering—"and I take leave to say that I think it's a very good maxim too"—tremendous applause. "My friends, it's the end of one year, and it will soon be the beginning of another. Let's hope that the new year will be better than the last. I don't suppose I shall have many more to spend amongst you, and that is why I wish to introduce—so to speak—my little boy to you. As my son and heir, my friends, he will one day stand in the place which I now occupy, and speak to you perhaps as I am speaking now. I can only ask you to behave as well to him as you have always behaved to me. I trust he will prove himself worthy of his name and of his race, and that generations yet unborn will bless the day when Beechfield Hall came into the hands of a younger Richard Vane. My friends, if you drink my health to-night, I shall ask you also to drink the health of my boy—to wish him happiness, and that he may prove a better landlord, a better magistrate, and a better man than ever I have been."

There was a tumult of applause, mingled with cries of "No, no!"

"Can't be better than you have been, sir!" and "Hurrah for the General!"

Hubert smiling with pleasure at his host's genial tone, was amazed at the gloom which sat upon the brows of three persons in the room—Florence, Enid, and the woman in black.

There was no other likeness between them, but that air of reserve and gravity made them look as if some incommunicable bond, some similarity of feeling or experience, held them back from the general hilarity which surrounded them.

"A happy New Year to you all, my friends!" said the General, in his hearty voice. "Here's to your good health! There, Dick, my man—drink too, and say, 'A happy New Year to all of you!'"

Little Dick took a sip from his father's glass, and gravely uplifted his childish treble.

"A happy New Year to all of you!" he said; and men and women alike broke out into delighted response.

"Same to you, sir, and many of them!" "Bless his little heart," one of the women was heard to murmur, "he's just the image of his mamma!"

But, if she thought to give pleasure by this remark, she was far from successful. Mrs. Vane threw so angry a glance in her direction that the woman shrank back aghast; and the girl in black, who stood in the background, laughed between her teeth.

The function was over at last. The choir trooped away to the servants' premises, where a substantial supper awaited them; the General kissed little Dick, and strode away with him to his nurse; and Mrs. Vane rose from the table with an air of studied weariness and disgust.

"Thank Heaven, that is over!" she said. "I am tired to death of this senseless old practice! If we have it another year, I shall say I am ill and go to bed. Come, Enid—let us go to the drawing-room and have some music."

The girl rose and followed obediently; but she vouchsafed no answer to Mrs. Vane's remarks.

As the General had disappeared, Hubert thought that he might as well accompany the ladies to the drawing-room, especially if Enid was about to play.

But it did not seem that she was inclined to do so. She sat down in the darkest corner of the room, and leaned her head upon her hand.

Flossy established herself in a luxurious lounging chair, and took up a novel. Hubert hesitated for a moment or two, then went over to Enid's side.

"Are we not to have any music to-night?"

"Have you not had plenty?" she asked wearily.

"Music! You call that music?"

She did not answer; something in her voice, her attitude, seemed to show that she was shedding tears. He was so intensely sorry for her trouble, whatever it might be; but he scarcely knew how to

comfort her.

"It would be good for us all if you would play," he said softly. "We want consoling—strengthening—uplifting."

"Ah, but music does not always do that!" she answered; with a new note of passion in her voice. "When we are happy, music helps us—but not when we are sad."

"Why not?" said Hubert, more from the desire to make her talk than from any wish to hear her views on that particular subject.

But she spoke eagerly in reply, yet softly, so that her words should not reach the ears of the silent, graceful, languid woman by the fire.

"I can't tell why," she said; "but now it seems to harrow my very soul. It brings thoughts into my mind of all the misery of the world. If I hear music now, I shed tears—I don't know why. Everything is changed."

"My dear child," said Hubert, "you are unhappy."

"Yes," she said slowly, with a pathetic tremor of the voice—"yes, I am very—very unhappy."

"Can I do nothing at all to make you happier?" he said.

The question was left unanswered.

CHAPTER XX.

"MY dear Hubert," said Mrs. Vane, "if you cannot see what is the matter with Enid, you must be blind indeed!"

"Why should I see what is the matter with her more than anybody else?" asked Hubert, who was moving restlessly from place to place, now halting before the window of his sister's sitting-rroom, now plucking a leaf from one of the flowering plants in a gilded *etagere*, now teasing the white cockatoo in its fine cage or stirring up the spaniel with the tip of his boot. All the teasing was good-naturedly done, and provoked no rancor in the mind of bird and beast; but it showed an unwonted excitement of feeling on his part, and was observed by his sister with a slightly ironical smile.

"If you will sit still for a little while, I will tell you perhaps," she said; "but, so long as you stray round the room in that restless manner, I shall keep my communications to myself."

"I beg your pardon; I did not know that I was disturbing you. Well," said Hubert, seating himself resolutely in a chair near her own and devoting his attention apparently to the dissection of a spray of scented geranium-leaf, "tell me what is the matter and I will listen discreetly. I am really concerned about Enid; she is neither well nor happy."

"Did she tell you so?"

"It is easy to be seen that she is not well," said Hubert, a very slight smile curving his lips under the heavy dark moustache as he looked down at the leaf which he was twisting in his hand; "and I think her unhappiness is quite as obvious. What is it, Flossy? You ought to know. You are the girl's chaperon, adviser, friend or whatever you like to call it; you stand in the place——"

He stopped abruptly. He forgot sometimes that ghastly story of his sister's earlier life; sometimes it came back to him with hideous distinctness.

At that moment he did not like to say to Flossy, "You stand in her mother's place." And yet it was the truth.

Had it been for Enid's good or harm, he suddenly wondered, that Florence had become the General's wife?

"I understand what you mean," said Flossy quite sweetly, though there was no very amiable look in her velvety-brown eyes. "I assure you that I should be very glad to make more of a friend of Enid if she would allow me; but she does not like me."

"Instinct!" thought Hubert involuntarily, but he did not say it aloud.

With the extraordinary quickness however which she occasionally showed she divined the purport of his reflection almost as soon.

"You think, no doubt, that it is natural," she said; "but I do not agree with you. Enid has no great penetration; she has never been able to read my character—which, after all, is not quite so bad as you imagine."

"I do not imagine anything about it; I do not think it bad," Hubert interposed rather hurriedly. "You have changed very much. But have we not agreed to let old histories alone?"

"I did not intend to revive them. I meant only to assure you that Enid has met with the tenderest care and guidance from me—as far, at least as it lay in me to give it to her, and whenever she would accept it."

"You make two very important reservations."

"I know I do, but I cannot help it. I was never devotedly fond of children, and I was once Enid's governess. I do not think that she ever forgets that fact."

"Well, come to the point," said Hubert, rather impatiently. "What is the matter with her now?"

Florence laughed softly, and eyed him over her fan. She always used a fan, even in the depth of winter—and indeed her boudoir was so luxuriously warm and fragrant that it did not there seem out of place. She was wearing a loose tea-gown of peacock-blue plush over a satin petticoat of the palest rose-color—a daring combination which she managed to harmonize extremely well—and the fan which she now held in her mouth was of a pale rose-colored feathers.

As Hubert looked at her and waited for his answer, he was struck by two things—first by the choiceness and beauty of her surroundings, and secondly the fatigued expression of her eyes, which were set in hollows of purple shadows and almost veiled by lids which had the faintly reddened tint which comes of wakefulness at night.

"I shall next ask what is the matter with you," he said. "You really do not look well, Florence!"

"Do I not?"

She laid down her fan, took up a hand-glass set in silver from a table at her side, and studied her face in the mirror for a few seconds with some intentness.

"You are right," she said, when she put it down; "I am growing hatefully old and haggard and ugly. What can one do? Would a winter in the South give me back my good looks, do you think? Perhaps I had better consult a doctor when I go up to town. I am not so old yet that I need lose all my 'beauty,' as people used to call it, am I?"

"Why do you care so much?" Hubert asked.

He fancied that there was something deeper in her anxiety than the mere vanity of a pretty woman whose youth was fast fleeting away.

"Why does every woman care? For my husband's sake, of course," she answered with a slight laugh, but a look of carking care and pain in her haggard eyes. "If I leave off looking pretty and bright, how am I to know that he will care for me any longer? And, if not——"

"If not! You are a mystery to me, Florence; you never professed before to trouble yourself about your husband's love."

"If I am a mystery, you are a perfect baby, my dear boy—I might almost say a perfect fool—in some respects. If he ceases to love me, he—don't you know that he may still leave me penniless? I had no settlements."

Her voice sank almost to a whisper as she said the words.

"Is that it?" said Hubert coldly. "I did not give you credit for so much worldly wisdom, Flossy. If that is your view of the case, I wonder that you do not pay a little more attention to the General's wishes sometimes. I have seen you treat him with very little consideration."

"He is so wearisome! One cannot always be on one's good behavior," Flossy murmured; "and, as long as one looks nice and gives him a word or two now and then, just to keep him in good-humor——"

"So long, you think, he will be kind to you? Florence, you do not understand the General's really noble nature. He is incapable of unkindness to any living soul—least of all incapable of it to you, whom he loves so dearly. Do try to appreciate him a little more! He is devoted to you both as his wife and as the mother of his only child."

He could not tell why she turned her head aside with a sharp gesture of annoyance.

"The child—always the child!" she exclaimed. "I wished I had never had a child at all!"

"We are straying from the point," said her brother coldly; "and we can do no good by discussing your relations with you husband. I want to know—as you say you can tell me—why Enid looks so ill."

Flossy took up her fan and began to examine the tips of the feathers.

"There is only one reason," she said slowly, "why a girl ever looks like that. Only one thing turns a girl of seventeen into a drooping, die-away, lackadaisical creature, such as Enid is just now."

"Speak kindly of her, at any rate," said Hubert. "She is a woman like yourself, and there is only one interpretation to be put upon your words."

"Naturally. You, as a novelist, dramatist and poet, must know it well enough," said his sister calmly. "Well, remember that you have insisted on my telling you. Enid is in love. That is all. Nothing to make such a fuss about it, is it?"

Hubert was silent for a minute or two. His brow was contracted, as if with vexation or deep thought. Then he said abruptly—

"I suppose it's that good-looking parson in the village. There's no other man whom she seems to know so well. I cannot say that you've taken very great care of her, Florence."

"Are you really blind, or are you pretending?" said Mrs. Vane, looking at him with calm curiosity. "You are not quite such a fool as you make yourself out to be, are you? My dear Hubert, are you not aware that you are a singularly handsome and attractive man, and that you have laid siege to the poor child's heart ever since your first arrival here last autumn?"

Hubert started from his seat as if he had been stung.

"Impossible!" he cried.

"Not at all impossible. She has seen few men in her short life—she has been very carefully guarded, in spite of your sneer at my want of caution—and the attentions of a man like you were quite new to her. What could you expect?"

"Attentions!" groaned Hubert. "I never paid her any attentions, save as a cousin and friend."

"Exactly; but she did not quite understand."

There was a short silence.

He stood with his arm on the mantelpiece, looking through the window at the snow-covered landscape outside. His face had turned pale, and his lips were firmly set.

Presently he said, in a low tone—

"You must be mistaken. Surely she can never have let you know what her feelings are on such a point? You say that she does not confide in you. Then how can you know?"

"There are other ways of reading a girl's heart as well as a man's coarse way of having everything in black and white," said Flossy composedly. "I am sure of it. She is in love with you, and that is why she looks so ill."

"It must not be! You must let her know—gently, but decidedly—that I am not the man for her—that there is an unsurmountable barrier between us."

"What is it? Are you married already, Hubert?"

"Florence"—there was a sound of anguish in his voice—"how could I marry a girl whose father I——"

"Hush, hush! For mercy's sake, be quiet! You should never say such things—never think them even. Walls have ears sometimes, and spoken words cannot be recalled. Never say that, even to me. At the same time, I do not see the obstacle."

"Florence! Well, I might expect it from you. You have married Sydney Vane's brother!"

She did not wince. She sat steadily regarding him over the tips of her rose-colored feather fan.

"And you," she said, "will marry Sydney Vane's daughter."

"God keep me from committing such a sin!"

"Hubert, this is mere sentimental folly!" said his sister with some earnestness.

"We have made up our minds that the past is dead—why do you at every moment rake up its ashes?"

"It is in some ways unfortunate that Enid should have chosen to love you but, as the matter stands, I cannot see that you have any other choice than to marry her."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TOO GREAT A RISK.—Jinks: "Has a husband a right to open his wife's letters?"

Blinks (a lawyer): "Certainly, sir, certainly; open all you please."

"Well, here is a letter my wife has written to your wife, and handed me to deliver. I feel pretty sure there's something unpleasant in it about me. I wish you'd open it, and if there is just burn it."

"Humph! Does my wife know your wife is going to write to her?"

"Yes."

"And if my wife doesn't get this letter she'll soon find it out, won't she?"

"Of course."

"On second thoughts, I believe there is a new law which makes it a penal offence to open a wife's letters. I couldn't take the risk, sir; indeed I couldn't."

THE latest eccentricity in the evening costume of the jeunesse doree in London appears to be the wearing of a white tie with a thin edging of scarlet.

Bric-a-Brac.

WHO INVENTED SPECTACLES?—To this question an answer has been given by the Italians in favor of one of themselves. In Florence, in a little street, a memorial tablet has been inserted in the facade of one of the houses, and bears the following inscription: "To honor the memory of Salvino degli Armati, inventor of spectacles in the thirteenth century, the Guild of Artisans, on the spot once occupied by the houses of the Armati, placed this tablet."

REGARD FOR BEARDS.—The Mahometans have a most superstitious veneration for the human beard. They bury the hairs which come off in the process of combing, but break them first, because they believe that angels have charge of every single hair, and that they thus gain them their dismissal. Selim I. was the first Sultan who shaved his beard contrary to the law of the Koran. "I do it," he said to the scandalized and orthodox mufti, "to prevent my Vizier leading me by it." Some Oriental sects believe that the Divine image of man was located in the beard.

MEXICAN STREET SCENES.—Imagine a city with most of its streets muddy, and crowded, where the seller of lottery tickets takes the place of the newsboy, where the paviors of the street, the conductors of the cars, the assistants in the shops, the policemen on their beats, the soldiers with their muskets, the barefooted men and women who peddle their wares, and the very beggars at the doorways all smoke cigarettes or cigars. The street cars carry the coffined dead to the cemetery, with the mourners in the cars that follow. Men, women, and children, half naked and without shoes, bear the burdens that we put upon drays and wagons; water carriers hawk the limpid fluid from the aqueducts from house to house. Every other woman has a baby dangling contentedly from a sack upon her back. Imagine the picture and you get a glimpse of the street scenes that you look upon about the great "plaza" facing the costly palace and the magnificent cathedral of the City of Mexico.

THROWING THE SHOE.—The custom of throwing an old shoe after a newly married couple is almost universal. Some think that it is a relic of the days when the gallant lover carried off his sweetheart by force. Others ascribe good luck to an old shoe, and throw it after the newly married couple with the best intent. This certainly is the most popular view, and few parents dream that when they throw the old shoe after her they thereby give up for good and all their control and right over their daughter. Yet this is the significance it had in the days when the Anglo-Saxon father handed to the bridegroom an old shoe of the bride. The husband touched the bride on the head with it as an assertion of his authority, while the father, by the giving of the shoe, signified his willingness to relinquish all claim or authority. In Turkey, however, it is the bridegroom himself that is touched, and sometimes quite severely, for the moment he is married his friends and relatives set upon him and pelt him with their slippers as a sort of affectionate farewell.

SIGN BOARDS.—Sign-boards were in use amongst the most ancient nations, including the Greeks and Romans. According to Pliny, Lucius Muminius was the first amongst the latter who placed a picture outside his house. In Herculaneum and Pompeii many signboards have been discovered, including those of a baker, dairyman, wine merchant and shoemaker; the sign of the latter representing a flying Cupid, holding a lady's shoes, one in each hand. This interesting relic was found at Herculaneum. Perhaps the most remarkable at Pompeii was that indicating a schoolhouse. Alas! poor scholars, if really significant, it represented a boy under the operation of birching. Not only were signs in use among the ancients having reference to the living of the "work-a-day" world, but they were carried to the grave, as memorials of the dead. The "tire-woman," Veneria, is distinguished from others of her name by a sculptured comb and mirror; while Diogenes, the grave-digger, is distinguished by an axe and a lamp, the latter indicating that his lugubrious vocation was carried on at night in those olden times. Every profession and trade was represented on these Roman tombs.

"NO, BOBBY," said his mother; "one piece of pie is quite enough for you!"

"It's funny!" responded Bobby, with an injured air. "You say you are anxious that I should learn to eat properly, and yet you won't give me a chance to practise!"

NEVER FORGET.

BY L. M. S.

Never forget. May the clouds never come
'Twixt the gazer's eye and the dream above.
Oh, ne'er may your heart to my pleadings be dumb,
Or, fail to respond to my message of love.

And ne'er be that forehead enveloped with care,
That ever thy life shall its sorrows beget;
May the fragrance of memory ever be there,
Oh, never forget, love, never forget.

Birds build their nests where they built them last year;
The young love the places long hallowed by old;
And longing is deeper and love is more dear,
Where Memory's river does never run cold.

Oh, look to the sun at the dawn or the setting;
Bask in the beams that its courses beget;
Then, though all life may be doomed to regretting,
Oh, never forget, love, never forget.

SIBYL'S CONCERN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STRANGERS STILL," "PRINCE AND PEASANT," "THE LIGHTS OF ROCKBY," "A WOMAN'S SIN," ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

RALPH GASKELL, in his quiet chambers, drew out several briefs in the course of the next few days, for which he could not reasonably expect any remuneration, and, contrary to custom, employed his energies, equally on behalf of plaintiff and defendant.

Being no poet, able to find relief for his troubled feelings in a flood of impassioned verse, he sought comfort in a more practical and businesslike manner—he wrote out a case for Sibyl Aythea.

As he wrote, inclination and love alike speeding his pen, he felt that this was a cause indeed which had justice on its side, that the court could have only one verdict for this trembling prisoner—the verdict of "Not guilty!"

He recalled the accidental manner in which they had met; the utter impossibility of any previous plan or arrangement; Sibyl's anxiety to shorten the interview, and refusal of his company on her way home; the complete silence which had lasted until he himself had broken it by his first letter, and her request, in reply, that he would not, for the present at least, take any steps to see her.

Looking calmly at these facts, he wondered how he could ever have been mad enough to attribute to deliberate cunning and scheming actions which seemed to have been, to a large extent, actually forced upon her.

But—alas!—there still remained the other side of the question—Mary Catherine's utter ignorance of the manner in which her name had been borrowed, her kindness and apparent affection for the beautiful stranger, and the display of attachment which had been made in return, while the deception was being carried on under her very roof.

Last, and worst of all, her love for the handsome nephew, with his insolently self-satisfied expression, at the very time when she was holding out vague promises to himself.

Gaskell cast aside the scraps of paper impatiently; thinking over it only made confusion more confounded.

When George Lee returned to England he would have a full explanation; till then, if he meant to have any comfort in his life, or satisfaction in his work, he must banish the subject completely from his mind.

Immediately after arriving at this sensible conclusion he began walking up and down the room again, throwing back his head and knitting his brows, as his manner was when in anxious thought, and went over the whole weary argument once more.

Since the night of Mrs. Collier's dance he had made inquiries in various directions, and had gleaned a fair amount of information as to the mysterious Miss Aythea.

Colonel Aythea, the father, he was told, had retired from the service for some considerable time, and was supposed to have large private means.

He was a great society man and much addicted to travel, but for the season was generally to be found in one of the Lancaster Gate mansions, the particular one to be easily discovered by the abundance of flower-boxes which graced the window-sills up to the very highest story.

His daughter had made a great sensation on her first appearance, two years since, and might have made a brilliant marriage had she been disposed—that was the real reason why poor Rex Egerton had gone abroad in that mysterious manner last autumn, while young Lord Redham was reported to have been restrained by force only from stronger measures still.

But nobody blamed Miss Aythea; she had been honest and straightforward in her treatment of both suitors, and every one but the young men themselves could have easily foretold the answer which awaited them.

It was late in the afternoon of the fourth day after Gaskell's second meeting with Sibyl that the post brought him a letter, directed in a lady's hand-writing, with an extraordinary vagueness which explained the various marks and official directions by which the envelope was disfigured.

Gaskell noted with deepening interest the Brierley postmark in the corner; but when an unknown signature met his eyes, instead of the expected "Mary Catherine Worthington," his forehead showed strong lines of displeasure.

"And who may Annie Riley happen to be? Another nom de guerre? I wish to goodness so many people wouldn't mix themselves up in my affairs—I wish ——"

His voice died away in an indistinct murmur, as he glanced down the first sheet of the letter, and an expression of the keenest interest lighted up his face.

Annie had written as simply as possible a history of Sibyl's actions and intentions; but it was the history of an eye-witness; there was a ring of truth in every word, and Joshua's evidence was dismissed in a few scornful phrases.

"When I tell you that, although he was engaged to another girl, he proposed to Miss Aythea while she was staying in the house, and then, on her refusal, bound her over to secrecy, so that he might continue his old engagement as if nothing had happened, you will see how much faith is to be placed in Mr. Joshua Worthington."

"The hound—the mean skulking hound! I wasn't mistaken then," Gaskell exclaimed impetuously, pacing the room with swift eager footsteps. "And you are the victim, are you, my poor Annie Riley? Well, you are a good, honest, true-hearted girl, whoever you are, and very well rid of that fine gentleman. So it was simply a joke then, after all—a joke! That was an explanation which certainly never occurred to me. And she dressed herself up and went to have a 'concern' with George, and was frightened out of her wits by my appearance, was she—poor little soul!"

Ralph's brilliant smile had something very tender in it, as his mind traveled back to the scene in that Brierley drawing-room, and recalled the startled face gazing at him out of the shadow of that huge bonnet.

It was an innocent joke enough at the time, and, although the actual signing of Mary Catherine's name was too serious an offence to be lightly condoned, he now found it easy to pardon for the sake of the meaning the letter had conveyed—mere girlish thoughtlessness and daring showed lovably indeed against the dark background of supposed diplomacy and cunning.

In half an hour from the time when Gaskell began to wonder if he would indeed be able to recognize Colonel Aythea's house from the somewhat vague description he had received, and if this would not be a particularly good time to pay a call, he found himself receiving an affirmative answer at the very first door at which he had directed his hansom to stop, and following the man-servant into a pretty little sitting-room, bright with flowers, and embellished with a hundred dainty knick-knacks.

There was a low swing-chair in the corner by the window, beside which a rainbow-hued tangle of silks had fallen upon the floor, while a small gold thimble lay a foot or two away.

Gaskell, standing hat in hand, took in each small detail at a glance.

This was Miss Aythea's chair, her favorite corner perhaps!

She had been sitting here at work when the sound of the bell had disturbed her—perhaps she had seen his approach, in which case she would have had time to think over her course of action, and might possibly refuse to see him.

While he was still deliberating the door slowly opened, and Sibyl stood before him, pale and nervous, but with all her accustomed dainty grace; her dress of soft gray-blue silk hung in long loose folds around her, held in at the waist by quaint old silver buckles; the sleeve fell back from the round white arm as she softly closed the door behind her. Gaskell felt reproached afresh by the quiet gravity of her greeting.

"I have come to apologise, Miss Aythea. I behaved very rudely to you the other night, very unjustly, in presuming to judge after hearing but one side of the case. It is not an hour since I found out my mistake, and I have lost no time in coming to ask to be allowed to rectify it."

"Won't you sit down, Mr. Gaskell?"

Sibyl seated herself in the corner, and, picking up the scattered silks, began to smooth them out on her lap.

"You must be careful not to err in the other direction now," she said nervously. "I had no right to use Miss Worthington's name, I am only too well aware; but at the time I never thought of its going any farther. I had dressed up first to amuse Mr. Pollard, and then——"

"Yes, I know all about it," Gaskell interrupted, bending forward, with an expression of tender consideration. "Pray believe that I quite understand how naturally it all came about. I am only distressed that I should have been even the indirect means of bringing you into so much trouble. I think you have heard from Miss Worthington?"

Sibyl raised her eyes, in which there was a pained look.

"Yes; she returned me all my letters—she taunted me with only pretending to love her; but it was before I knew anything of her that it all happened. Afterwards, when I stayed there, and she nursed me, I grew so fond of her that I couldn't bear to tell her—I thought she would never know, and that there was no use in paining her needlessly."

"And I went and blurted out the whole thing! I'm extremely sorry; but, Miss Aythea, bad as it seems just now, I think it is perhaps as well that I did. I am sure you would have been sorry for the coldness between the father and daughter to go on any longer."

"Ah, that is just what I wanted to ask you about! Mary Catherine said in her letter that she had to thank me for his suspicion and anger; but how could that be if you had not been—how could he have known anything about it?"

"You are forgetting that he had opened the letter."

"The letter—what letter?"

"My second letter. I'm afraid that you will find it difficult to forgive me, Miss Aythea; but, after waiting three weeks, I grew too impatient to bear the suspense any longer. I sent another letter directed to the care of George Lee; but, as you know, he was away from home, and the gardener's wife gave it to old Mr. Worthington, who happened to be passing soon after it arrived. He opened it and——"

Sibyl buried her burning face in her hands.

"Oh, how dreadful—now dreadful! I was the cause of it all then! She was quite right, and she believes, as you did, that I knew all the time what was the matter—oh, how dreadful! What did you say in the letter, Mr. Gaskell—was there nothing to make him think there was a mistake? What was it about?"

She raised her face and looked at him with painful earnestness, not thinking of the embarrassing personal interest involved.

"What did you say?"

"I'm afraid there was nothing which could give any definite clue! I thanked you for your very kind letter, and expressed a hope that the obstacle you had spoken of, which hindered our meeting, might be very shortly removed, so that I should be able to run to Brierley. I fear he fancied there was some allusion to himself in that obstacle, which did not help matters; while you, I suppose, simply meant ——"

"Oh, yes; but what does it matter what I meant? I can think only of Mary Catherine—I loved her so much, and she will never believe in me again! Oh, I must write to her and explain; I must go down to Brierley and see her, and tell her myself——"

Sibyl paused, with a helpless sob of misery, while the tears which she would not allow to fall glistened on her eyelashes.

"If you will take my advice, Miss Aythea," said Gaskell earnestly, "you will do nothing at all at present. Miss Worthington is sore and angry, and has not had time to think things over. I believe my kind correspondent, Miss Annie Riley, intends either to see her or to write to her; and then in a short time Lee and his wife and your friends will be home, and give their version, and by degrees she will see the thing in its right light. I think she would hardly have been so severe, even in the first shock of the discovery, if it had not been for her nephew's influence."

"Joshua!" exclaimed Sibyl.

Then, for the first time, a smile flitted over her features.

"Oh, I am not in the least afraid of Joshua!"

"But you will wait a little before you attempt any reconciliation, won't you? I should like you to promise me that, for I am sure it would be much wiser."

"Oh, yes; I will promise!"

"And you will forgive me my share in the unfortunate denouement?"

"If you will forgive me. Indeed," said Sibyl, with a gleam of merriment, "I'm not in the habit of forging people's names! But can't you imagine how it was? Mr. and Mrs. Lee came over with your letter just a few minutes before the last post went, and Mrs. Pollard—my friend—was so dreadfully afraid of your coming down, and going straight to the Worthingtons'—it was a rush and a hurry, and they all encouraged me!"

"Indeed, I am very sorry for you, Miss Aythea. I don't think you were the most to blame!"

He held out his hand, with one of his swift radiant smiles.

"And, personally, I think I ought to thank you; I shall always remember our first meeting with the very greatest of pleasure."

"Oh, are you going?" queried Sibyl, laughing.

"I must say good afternoon now; but, if you will allow me to call again——"

"I was just thinking—we are having a musical evening to-morrow; if you will excuse the shortness of the invitation, we shall be very happy to see you—the music will be good!"

"You are very kind!"

Then the smile faded from Gaskell's face, and he looked grave and earnest.

"I will come with very great pleasure if—You know what I said in my first letter, Miss Aythea! I feel more strongly than ever what I wrote then. I would rather not come—I would rather not see you again, if there is any reason why our acquaintance should not go any farther. It would be but mistaken kindness to allow me to come——"

Sibyl colored vividly, and her lips quivered; she could not speak; but the next moment she opened the little tortoiseshell-and-gold cabinet on the table, took out a little gilt-edged card, and held it silently towards him.

Gaskell, looking at it, saw, with a glow of happy triumph, that it bore the intimation that Colonel and Miss Aythea would be at home for the reception of their visitors on the following evening at nine o'clock.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE next few weeks passed like a happy dream to Ralph Gaskell, favored as he was by Fortune with almost daily meetings with Sibyl, each of which proved her to be fairer, sweeter, and altogether more winsome and attractive than before.

He felt there was nothing strange in the fact that, while refusing more eligible suitors, she had chosen him, for the mysterious attraction and sympathy drawing him towards her were too strong not to be mutual; but he did feel all the profound humility and sense of unworthiness which accompany true love, and his manner was marked by a gentle reverence, an unobtrusive attentiveness which touched her heart.

That musical evening was a bright experience.

Sibyl had spent some restless hours the night before when, in the darkness and loneliness, a hundred misgivings arose to tell her of the rashness and folly of pledging herself in any way to a man with whom she had had only three short conversations; but all doubts fled at the first sight of his face, the touch of his hand.

It was happiness to feel his eyes upon her as she moved to and fro among the guests, to find each little want noticed and supplied, to see that the clever face and tall, well-proportioned figure were attracting attention and curiosity; while the thrill of pride at words of approval she overheard was a new and sweet experience.

Gaskell, on his part, was equally happy; he had a few chances of conversation, it was true, but he could watch Sibyl from his quiet corner, and catch now and then a shy smile in response.

How much Colonel Aythea knew of the history of his acquaintance with his daughter Ralph could not tell; but his reception was all that could be wished, and he left with a cordial invitation to repeat his visit. Before accepting it however, he felt bound to carry out his policy of outspoken honesty and make a clean breast of his hopes and intentions in doing so; and Colonel Aythea was by no means overwhelmingly astonished by the early visit of the young barrister to his study.

For one thing, he was well accustomed to interviews of the sort; for another he had both heard and seen enough to arouse his suspicions, and he had been gleaning information, after Gaskell's own fashion, in the intervening days.

He learned all about Mr. Gaskell that is always to be learned about a young and rising barrister—that he had been the "prize" boy of his school, the head man of his college, and the president of the Union; that he was generally admitted to be the most brilliant speaker on the circuit, and would probably become Lord Chancellor before he died!

After all this the Colonel was prepared to listen willingly enough, and, being besides prepossessed by the young man's straightforwardness and sincerity, threw no obstacle in his path.

"If Sibyl likes you," he said, "I shall have nothing to say; but give you full notice she is difficult to please."

Then the gong was heard, and a moment later a playful tattoo sounded on the door, and Sibyl peeped in, but hastily withdrew when she saw who was her father's companion.

"Come in, dear!" said the Colonel, smilingly. "It is only Mr. Gaskell—he is going to stay to luncheon with us."

At the end of the next month Ralph and Sibyl had gone through all the various experiences which serve poor city lovers in place of quiet strolls by wood and dell. They had danced together in heated ball-rooms, had sat side by side listening to music half the beauty of which was lost in the glare and bustle of the surroundings, had cast rueful glances at each other across crowded reception-rooms, and talked incessantly through a three hours' dinner. By this time too the Brierley absentees were settled down at home once more, and various reports as to Mary Catherine's reception of their explanations and of her present frame of mind had been despatched to Sibyl who was growing more and more impatient to plead her own cause.

"You must absolve me from my promise," she said to Gaskell at last; "I can't bear this any longer! I am going to run down to Brierley to-morrow afternoon. If Mary Catherine forgives me I shall stay the night at Carrie's; if not, I shall come home by the very first train."

"Very well! I think you might see what an interview will do now. What train will you go by?"

"The 2.30, I think," replied Sibyl, with a tremendous effort to appear perfectly unconscious of any intention which might lie beneath that simple question.

Nevertheless, the next day, when, at the last moment before starting, the guard slammed the door of her carriage, she had time to experience a very sharp chill of disappointment before a tall dark-coated figure rushed breathlessly along the platform, and sprang into the seat opposite to her.

"Sharp work that!" said Gaskell. "Have I startled you? Do you know, it is borne in upon me that we ought to go and brave Miss Worthington together! I've been thinking it over ever since yesterday, and it seems to me that it would be better if I were there to back up your statements, and let her see that I—whom she considers a fellow-sufferer with herself—have implicit faith in your word; but I'll get out at the very next station and go back if don't agree with me."

"Oh, I should like you to come!" Sibyl returned frankly. "Now that I am actually on the way I'm horribly nervous. I'm more afraid of old Mr. Worthington than of Mary Catherine, for I know how cold and cutting he can be. I'm so afraid of his waylaying me!"

"He sha'n't—don't be afraid; I'll take care that you don't see anybody but Miss Worthington! Now don't think about it; you'll find the words come easily enough when you are once there, and it is the worst thing in the world to try to rehearse beforehand. Tell me about last night. Did you enjoy yourself?"

It needed all Ralph's determined cheerfulness to keep Sibyl's courage to the sticking place during the journey; and, when they had left the train, and were seated in a cab, bowling along the quiet streets towards their destination, she kept well back in her corner, as if afraid of even a chance recognition from the few passers-by.

To himself, of course, every face was strange and unknown, and he found little to attract or retain his attention until as they were slowly rounding the corner of a street, they passed almost within touch of a couple standing exchanging farewells on the pavement.

Something in the expression of the man's face at once arrested his attention; and a second glance at the girl by his side, flushed and smiling, though with a charming expression of embarrassment in her clear brown eyes, only heightened the interest of the situation.

"That's a nice girl!" he exclaimed!

Then, with a look of surprise at his companion's heightened color:

"Why, you know her! Who—who is she?"

"That's Annie Riley!"

"Annie Riley! Whew! Is that the poor deserted damsel that I have been wasting my sympathies on? I should fancy congratulations would be a great deal nearer the mark—shouldn't you? Who is the man?"

"Doctor Waters. Oh, do you think so?" cried Sibyl eagerly. "I should be so glad; he is just the very man for her. Do you really think——"

"No, I don't think; I am quite sure! Didn't you see their faces? I am very clear-sighted on these subjects just now, Sibyl, you know, and not likely to make a mistake."

Sibyl flushed and lapsed into silence; but a moment later, bending forward and looking out of the window, she turned towards him again.

"Do you think we could stop, and that I might get out for a moment or two? Annie is coming along by herself, and I should like so much to speak to her for a moment."

"Most certainly we can," Ralph replied promptly; and he began to beat a vigorous tattoo on the front window with the head of his walking-stick. "However, there is no necessity for you to get out; you can have your talk much more quietly in here, and I will mount guard outside to see that no one interrupts you."

He jumped out as he spoke, and met a calmly scrutinizing glance from Annie, who had been walking along only a few paces behind: but the next moment, as she looked past him and caught sight of the fair face smiling at her from the open window, all her composure vanished, and she uttered an uncontrollable cry of astonishment.

"Sibyl!"

"Annie!"

"Where in the world——"

Sibyl first smiled and then gave a heavy sigh.

"Jump in," she said, "and sit down beside me for a moment! I have come down to see Mary Catherine. Do you think she will let me in? You have seen her lately; do you think she is still very angry?"

"She pretends to be," Annie answered; "but I don't believe she is really. She is very fond of you, Sibyl, and I am sure she will never be happy until you are good friends again. I am glad you are going to see her yourself. Is that——"

She raised her eyebrows inquiringly, and nodded towards the tall figure pacing slowly past.

"The other deluded victim? Yes. He is going to help me to plead my own cause."

"He has forgiven you then?"

"Oh, yes!" Sibyl flushed, and then laid one little hand over her companion's, in a sudden fit of confidence. "Yes, I am very happy! It has ended far better for me than I deserved. Annie, will you let me say something? I am afraid I have unknowingly caused you a great deal of misery. Will you forgive me and believe that it was entirely unintentional? It never occurred to me——"

"No, no—no; I know it didn't," interrupted Annie hastily, touched by the wistful penitence of the gray eyes, but not altogether relishing the implied pity for herself; "but, you see, I think it is going to turn out better for me too. I should have gone on clinging to that poor delusion for ever if I hadn't had a sharp shock of some sort to open my eyes. You supplied the shock, and of course I didn't feel too grateful at the time; but now—well, I think I am almost beginning to be grateful to you already!"

"Oh, Annie, I am so glad. I saw you saying good-bye to Doctor Waters just now, as we passed the corner——"

"You horrid insinuating thing! As if that had anything to do with it!"

"Oh, no; but, Annie, do tell me! I should be so delighted to know if it were true, for I think you were just made for each other. Do tell me now—are you engaged?"

"No, we are not—nothing of the sort!" said Annie, rising, with a laugh at Sibyl's crestfallen expression, and jumping lightly to the ground. "Good-bye; I daren't stay any longer! Your friend is giving me such impatient glances every time he passes."

Then, peeping round the open door, with the old gleam of mischief in his eyes—

"You are premature in your questionings, my dear. Ask me again the next time you are down, and perhaps you may get a different answer!"

"Thank you very much. Ditto!"

The two girls shook hands, laughing heartily; and Sibyl, greatly relieved in her mind by the sudden lightening of her responsibility on Annie's account, was in decidedly better spirits during the rest of the drive, until they neared their destination; then the old associations grew too much for her, and, as they arrived at the door of the Homestead, Ralph was distressed to see the nervous pallor and agitation which overspread her face.

Mary Catherine was at home; and the grim Tabitha; without the faintest sign of welcome or recognition, conducted them into the dreary drawing-room, and left them to seek her mistress.

Gaskell pulled forward an easy-chair; but Sibyl, shaking her head, remained standing, leaning against the high marble chimney-piece.

She was trembling visibly; but after a moment's silence she threw back her head and clasped her hands with a fine assumption of courage.

"I shall just tell her the whole story quite quietly and collectedly," she said, looking into Ralph's face, with a mute appeal for sympathy. "I won't ask her to forgive me, or anything of the sort, but just leave it to her own sense of justice. If I miss anything important, you will remind me?"

Ralph nodded; he could almost have found it in his heart to hate Mary Catherine at that moment, as his poor little love appealed to him, with her white and wistful face.

He turned hastily aside, and began to criticise the valuable old china, in the kindly hope of diverting her attention, congratulating himself at the same time that at any rate she had sufficient self-possession left to avoid anything like a scene.

The next moment the door opened slowly, and Mary Catherine, in her straight black gown, stood on the threshold, glancing, with cold unrecognising eyes, across the room.

Sibyl, with a broken cry of excitement, flew to her side and flung her arms tightly round her neck, the "quiet collected story" giving way now to an outburst of impetuous pleading.

"Oh, Miss Worthington, I couldn't bear it any longer! I wanted to come before, but they wouldn't let me. Oh, can you ever forgive me? I never, never meant to do anything wrong! I didn't know you then; it was long afterwards, when I came here. Oh, how could you say I didn't love you? You know I do—you know I do! It was worst of all that you should think I was deceiving you. I knew nothing about that second letter. I never dreamt what it was that Mr. Worthington was vexed about. It nearly broke my heart to find it out. Oh, Mary Catherine, if I try all my life, do you think you can ever love me again?"

Mary Catherine's voice quavered a little in spite of herself.

"Nay, child, thou couldst never complain that I loved thee too little. It was the greatness of the affection I bore thee which made the discovery so bitter to bear. Thou wast very ready to make game of me."

"Oh, Mary Catherine, I didn't know you then! It was only in fun. You have been a girl too; you know what it is not to think—to do things in a hurry just because it's a joke, and never think about the consequences. You can understand how it was!"

Mary Catherine disengaged herself coldly, but not unkindly, from the clinging arms, and sat down on the edge of the stiff upright sofa.

"But thou hadst time to think afterwards. Why didst thou never say a word to me all the while thou wast under this roof, and I was night and day by thy side?"

"Because I loved you and couldn't bear to vex you. Besides, I thought it was all over; and George Lee had promised to see Mr. Gaskell as soon as I went home, and explain to him that it was not my real name that I had given."

"And didst thou never think that thou wast deceiving him as well as me?"

"Pray don't say another word on that score, Miss Worthington," Ralph interrupted hotly. "I am perfectly satisfied with Miss Aythea's explanation. I have nothing whatever to complain of."

Mary Catherine looked from Ralph to Sibyl, a gleam of intelligence lighting up her face.

"I should like to ask thee a question, Sibyl," she said quietly. "Why didst thou not answer Ralph Gaskell's letter more firmly while thou wast about it? What was thy reason for encouraging him with promises for the future, which have led to all this trouble?"

Sibyl gave one startled upward glance, then drew herself up with gentle dignity.

"I—I wanted to see him."

"And what about Joshua?"

"Joshua!"

"Thou hadst no affection to him too?"

"Miss Worthington!"

Mary Catherine moved her head very uneasily.

"Nay, I did not believe it; but there are so many stories—I am wearied with them all."

Sibyl knelt down beside the sofa and took the two thin hands in her own.

"Mary Catherine, look at me—look straight at me, and just try if you can't believe me. Do you believe I am sorry?"

"Thy face says so, child. I would fain believe thee."

"Do you believe I drifted thoughtlessly, and never for one moment meant to do wrong, or deceive or injure you?"

"If you say so—yes; I will take thy word."

"Oh, Mary Catherine, do you believe I love you?"

Sibyl burst into tears and threw her arms tightly around Mary Catherine's waist.

"Do you take back all those cruel words—do you believe I was not pretending?!"

Mary Catherine took firmly hold of the girl's trembling shoulders.

"There, if thou sayest one word more I will not believe thee!" she cried emphatically. "I forgive thee, child, if I had anything to forgive—I hardly know. But thy love was very sweet to me; I am thankful to welcome it back into my quiet life. What am I that I should be hard on thy youthful feelings? Get up and dry thy tears. If thou carest for Mary Catherine Worthington's forgiveness it is freely thine." Then, with a glance at Ralph's eager face—"Thou hast chosen well, Ralph Gaskell, and I give thee joy. It is a faithful heart thou hast won, though it is indeed in different guises that thou has wooed thy bride."

Ralph's eyes answered with a brilliant gleam of happiness, but Sibyl's face flushed with painful embarrassment and she held up her hand warningly.

"Oh, hush—hush—there is nothing settled! I have never promised ——"

Mary Catherine put out her thin hand and, with a pathetic smile, touched the glowing cheek.

"Thou couldst make no better promise than this," she said, sighing. "Ah, child, I was young once!"

[THE END.]

QUEER WATCHES.

THE other day a friend showed a beautiful Swiss watch, saying, "You can tell the time in the night with that watch."

Before I had time to wonder how, he touched a spring and a volt silver bell rang eight, then one of a different tone struck two.

"There," said my friend, "that shows it is somewhere between half-past eight and quarter to nine. If it were quarter past eight it would strike eight and one. If it were quarter to nine (three quarters past eight) it would strike eight and three."

"Isn't it wonderful!" said I; and then, as I held the dainty time-piece, crusted with jeweled enamel, in my hand, I wondered what the first watch ever made looked like; and this led me to look up the ancestry, so to speak, of the Swiss beauty.

It is difficult to tell where watches were first made, but it was probably in Nuremberg, about 1375. They were called by some "pocket-clocks," but as they were made oval in shape they were often called "Nuremberg eggs." They were made to strike the hours as clocks do, and were large and heavy.

It is said that when Charles V. retired to a monastery he spent his time trying to make several watches, which he had to keep the same time.

Failing in this he said, "What an egregrious fool I must have been to have squandered so much blood and treasure in an absurd attempt to make all men think alike, when I cannot even make a few watches keep time together!"

One of the most famous of these ghastly time-pieces, was owned by Mary, Queen of Scots. It was made of silver-gilt in the shape of a skull. On the forehead is the figure of death with his scythe and sand-glass. He stands between a cottage and a palace.

On the back part of the skull is a figure of Time devouring all things. He also has a scythe, and near him is a serpent with its tail in its mouth as an emblem of eternity.

The upper part of the skull is divided into two compartments, on one of which are represented our first parents in the Garden of Eden, attended by some animals. In the other is depicted the crucifixion of Christ.

Below these on both sides is open work about an inch in width to permit the sound to issue freely when the watch strikes. This open work is cut in all sorts of devices—emblems of the crucifixion; the cross, nails, hammer, thongs, crown of thorns, etc.

The watch is opened by reversing the skull and placing the broad part of it in the hollow of the hand and then lifting the under jaw, which moves on a hinge.

Inside is a representation of the Holy Family in the stable at Bethlehem, with the infant Jesus in the manger and angels ministering to Him. In the upper part an angel is descending with a scroll. In the distance are the shepherds with their flocks, and one of them is in the act of performing on a cornemuse.

The works of the watch are as brains in the skull the dial being on the flat space where the roof of the mouth is found in a human being. The hours are marked in large Roman letters, and within them is the figure of Saturn devouring his children.

The works are entire, in perfect order, and perform astonishingly well.

One of the smallest watches ever known was made by one Arnold and presented to George III., on his birthday, June 4, 1764.

It was less than six-tenths of an inch in diameter (the size of a silver twopence,) and weighed only as much as a sixpence. It was perfect in all of its parts, repeated the hours, quarters and half quarters, George III., presented Mr. Arnold with five hundred guineas, and the Emperor of Russia afterward offered him one thousand guineas for a duplicate of the watch, but the offer was declined.

It is told of this same Arnold that he once for a small wager mounted a steeple 404 feet from the ground, taking a watch with him that needed repairing. Fixing his back against the stem of the weather cock he cleaned the watch and came down in less than an hour. The history omits an important point just here, and that is as to whether the watch cleaned at the time proved a satisfactory time keeper afterward.

At this period, and earlier, watches were made in all sorts of fancy shapes; acorns, melons, tulips, and apples were some of them, while still others were set in rings, purses, or the tops of canes, while persons more religiously inclined had them made inside of crystal crosses.

Most of these were made to strike the hours, and many of them went more than twenty-four hours without winding; but they were very expensive and were not generally as accurate as the watches which in these days are within the reach of the industrious poor.

Of modern watches the smallest is owned by Mr. Funnell, of Brighton, Sussex, England.

It is seven sixteenths of an inch in diameter, has an open face and runs twenty-eight hours.

The smallest watch in America is owned by a gentleman in New York, but was made in Switzerland.

It is a complete watch, hunting case, stem-winder, runs thirty-six hours, and keeps excellent time.

It is nineteenth thirty-seconds of an inch in diameter; or just the size of our silver five cent piece (half dime.)

THE ACCIDENTS OF CONVERSATION.—"Misery loves company" is the old saying; therefore, the shy person and the blunderer may take comfort in being reminded that many another has gone through the "agonies" of society before him. Prominent among these agonies is that of having said that which "one would rather have left unsaid."

The cold chills and the shivers and the burning fever in the cheeks which follow these unhappy accidents can be remembered by us all. A remark illustrating this was made to a lady, who met an old friend who was glad to see her.

"I am glad to see you so happy and prosperous, my dear," said he. "Your father's old friends had feared that you had not married quite as well as you ought to have done."

The gentleman opposite who happened to be the husband, did not seem to appreciate this remark.

The humiliating consciousness of having made a false move must accompany us in many a game besides that of chess, and perhaps it is a part of some constitutions to be always doing the wrong thing.

One of the agonies is to make an elaborate apology for not having gone to your friend's, and to have her say, "Why, I thought you were there!"

We are not of half so much consequence as we think we are, and, therefore, what sensitive people construe into insults are not, in nine cases out of ten, intended as such.

"Were you ever cut—cut dead?" says the heroine of a novel.

"No; I always think people are near-sighted, or thinking of themselves," was the sensible reply.

JUGGLING IN JAPAN.—Of jugglers there are no end in Japan. Fashionable Japanese always have them at any large entertainment they give. One very clever old man goes round in a single cotton gown, with two baskets full of "properties" over his shoulders, and, putting them down anywhere, performs his tricks, with the expectant audience encircling him. A hat full of coppers rewards him sufficiently, and he goes on to eat fire, disgorge eyes, needles, lanterns, and smoking pipes at the next place.

At a recent Japanese dinner a foreign guest determined to have no optical delusions about what the juggler did. He never let his glances be distracted, and was not once off his guard. Noticing this, the old juggler played to him entirely.

An immense porcelain vase was brought in and set in the middle of the room, and the juggler, crawling up, let himself down into it slowly. The sceptic then sat for a half hour without taking his eyes from the vase that he had first been convinced was sound and firm and stood on no trap-door.

After this prolonged watch the rest of the company assailed him with laughter and jeers, and pointed to his side, where the old juggler was seated for some minutes. The sceptic was dumfounded, and wanted the trick repeated; but the whole company protested that he had had a fair chance to catch the wizard and had failed.

I CONSIDER that the spirit of politeness is a certain desire to bring it about, that by our words and manners, others may be pleased with us and themselves.

DEEP AND TREASURED.

BY J. C.

We were wooing in the starlight,
She and I;
We were bidding sweetest "Good-night"
'Neath the sky.
Ah, our hearts were wildly beating,
And the future dawned enchanting,
As our lips were pressed at parting,
With a sigh!

We are seated in the starlight,
She and I;
We are speaking o'er life's days bright,
Long gone by.
Though her tresses once has silvered;
And my frame with age is fettered,
Still our love is deep and treasured,
Ne'er to die!

Mary of Linghough.

BY PAUL CUSHING.

CHAPTER I.

LINGHOUGH is a hill-village in the region once known as Mercia. It is in the country of dark purple moorlands; of nigh hills clothed with pines and larches; of fierce-looking rocks, that seem to have suddenly sprung out of the earth to bar your way like savage monsters; of brawling streams, that soon run themselves into insignificent streamlets; of swift-flowing rivers, that are merry in the sunshine and surly in the gloom; of open valleys, with enough of the divine element of beauty to attract the many-headed tourist, and rich him of his few spare hours; of secret valleys, and secluded dales, and wee hidden nooks, known only to the natives, wherein are garnered the choice forms and soft delicacies of beauty.

It is worth a journey from town just to sit for an hour or two in one of these little retreats, cut off from every sight and sound of the big world, and watch the musical play of life and its curious pattern in the commonwealth of beauty.

Linghough is but a small place, though it stands upon two hills.

On the hill to the north is the village proper, consisting of stone cottages with thatched roofs for the most part, with quaint old flower gardens in front, and vegetable gardens at the back.

People with an eye for the picturesque assert that Linghough is spoiled to their eye by a short row of five cottages, that bravely support each other up the steep ascent.

But even these are to a degree redeemed by the date cut in stone above the door of the first one descending the hill, and by the bright blue of their interior walls, the yellow of their kitchen flags well rubbed with sandstone, and bordered with white pipe-clay lines, circles, and triangles.

On the hill to the south stands the ancient parish church, with its beautiful circular tower that has overlooked the landscape for centuries.

Oddly enough, the church is surrounded with barns and wainhouses, and looks as if it were in the middle of a large farmyard.

These buildings belong to three farmhouses hard by, one of which is a transmogrified fragment of a castle that once crowned the hill.

There are no other houses on the hill.

The intervening valley is deep and narrow, with many trees and bushes and wild flowers, moss-covered rocks, and large patches of soft, long, blue-green grass.

Here in their season are to be found primroses, daffodils, anemones, violets, wild-roses, hazel nuts, blackberries, and wild strawberries; it is a child's paradise from April to November.

Through the valley tumbles, summer and winter, a good-sized stream, which is spanned by a single stone arch, covered all over with lichen and moss, and looking more like a natural wild growth than a piece of architecture; even the old railing on the top has a character of its own, and has gathered to itself something of the humanity that has handled it time out of mind.

On each side of the bridge is a long series of stone steps, irregular, well-worn, almost grass-covered, running up the steep slope of the valley.

One evening in May, about dusk, two girls descended these steps opposite each other, and met on the bridge, which was barely wide enough for two to pass.

The shorter of the two girls wore a hood and a gaudy scarf, so arranged as to conceal the greater part of her face; but as she reached the foot of the steps a slight movement of her hand so altered the arrangement as to show most of her features.

When near to each other, the taller girl suddenly halted, exclaiming in a very low voice:

"Why, Jenny, is it you? I heard that you had gone away some time ago!"

"Yes, Mary, it's me. I hoped you would not know me, though," answered the other, in a plaintive tone, at the same time re-arranging the hood and scarf.

"I didn't know you till I saw your face. You look so different in a bonnet and in deep black. I thought it was a widow-woman."

"I must be more careful to hide my face, then. I don't want to be known while I am here. I am going away again in the morning, perhaps for ever," said Jenny, whimpering.

"Don't say that, Jenny. Perhaps for some years it would be better, and the dear old place would be all the sweeter when you come back. Oh, Jenny, I'm so—so sorry for you."

"If he hadn't been a gentleman I would not have trusted him so. I couldn't help it, Mary, and his father the squire."

"His father the squire! What do you mean, Jenny?"

"Oh, I didn't mean to go and let it out like that. You won't tell any one what I told you? Promise me you won't," cried the girl in great distress.

"Tell me whom you refer to. Do you mean young Mr. Paget?" demanded Mary, almost sternly.

"I won't tell you; I dare not tell you. It would be worse for me, if he ever found it out."

"Ah, but you must tell me. If you do not, I will find some means of asking him," said Mary, with burning face.

"Promise me solemnly you won't ever let him know I told you, then!"

Mary hesitated a little while, then she said:

"Yes, I promise it."

"Then young Mr. Paget is the gentleman I mean."

Mary's face grew suddenly pale, and she put her hand to her breast as if in pain.

"How long have you known him?" she asked, after a short silence.

"You remember the picnic we had in Linghough Park last July, soon after you came home, and how I got lost in the woods, and the young squire showed me the way out? Well, that was the first time I ever spoke to him. And it would have been better for me if it had been the last time," moralized the New Magdalen, with copious tears.

Somehow, these same tears did not touch the heart of Mary Allsopp, as womanly-hearted a maiden as one would find after a day's diligent search.

The conversation lasted a little while longer, and then the two girls parted; Mary ascending the steps leading to the church, while Jenny stood near the bridge, on the other side, with her handkerchief to her eyes, engaged in an elaborate panto mime of sorrow and woe.

Mary Allsopp was barely lost to view over the brow of the hill, when a young man rose from his crouched position behind some bushes a few yards distant, and motioned for Jenny to join him.

"We had better go up-stream a bit; there's no knowing who may be about," he said hurriedly, as the girl came up to him, and together they moved up the valley.

He was a man of about thirty, light-complexioned, with a frank air and open countenance; an honest-looking fellow whom any one would trust.

He wore a snuff-colored suit, and had a town look about him.

In a secluded part of the valley they came to a large stone, on which they sat down.

"It was very well timed, Jenny. You couldn't have met better. Did you tell her?"

"Yes, Will, I told her—and may God forgive me for slandering an innocent gentleman."

"Tut, tut! it won't hurt him, and it will help me. You made her promise not to tell of it?"

"Yes; but I won't trust her. If he pressed her, she would out with it, I'm pretty sure. Then what should I do?"

"Do? Why, nothing. Keep a still tongue, that is all."

"Yes, and get sent to prison for telling wicked lies about the squire's son. No, Will Bunting, I have suffered enough at your hands. If it comes to that, I shall say who it was put me up to it."

Will Bunting's honest face grew red with anger.

He seized the girl by the wrist, and said, in a threatening tone—

"You little idiot, they can't send you to prison for that; especially if you denied that you ever said it."

"I wasn't born to tell lie upon lie like that. It does not come easy and natural as it does to some folks," said Jenny, with rough sarcasm.

"Then I would practice till it did. As an accomplishment you would find it useful. Only remember this: if you ever connect my name either with yourself, or your misfortune, or anything else about you, without my permission, you will regret it as long as you live. I am sorry for you, as you know; we both did very wrong. But I will provide for you and—and the child, if it lives, to the best of my ability. You had better not come round here again for a long time. You can write me if you want anything. You had better go now."

The girl, as of old, put up her face for a kiss, but the man turned away, and climbed the steep side of the valley.

CHAPTER II.

A GIRL worth looking at was Mary Allsopp. There are many girls, thank Heaven, in the same category; but none too many are there for the same exquisite reasons, to wit, a finished loveliness of face and form, and the crowning glory of a beautiful soul.

She was only a motherless village girl, the daughter of a keen-eyed silk-weaver, who wove in his home loom soft, delicate-tinted under-wear, the very sight and touch of which was a refined pleasure to his tall and dark and wondrously lovely girl.

Her home was a wee thatched cottage, surrounded by a great hawthorn hedge, with a garden stocked with sweet-smelling flowers and herbs, whose names, quaint and poetical, would often have been recognized by Father Chaucer himself.

The weaver, for want of better company, was given to communing with himself on things temporal and spiritual, and especially upon that wonderful gift of God, his daughter; and the same, to his thinking, was a subject that curiously combined in one the human and the divine.

A proud and bold, albeit a deeply devout father, was Jonathan Allsopp.

After years of slow and patient thinking, the old weaver reached a construction of his duty, which struck him as being singularly original and daring, as it was imperative.

His duty, as he now construed it, was to educate his daughter in a manner befitting her beauty rather than her station in life.

Jonathan Allsopp was a Methodist, and a regular attendant at the little stone chapel two miles down the valley; but this fact did not prevent him from consulting the Vicar of Linghough in the weighty matter that now held his mind.

"I thought, sir, as how you; a scholar and a gentleman, might be willing to advise me about the right kind of a school for such a girl as Mary," he explained apologetically.

"Ah, yes, Allsopp, I shall be only too glad to serve you in any way. I don't anticipate any difficulty in finding a school, and I think, on the whole, you are doing the best thing for her. She is a girl to be proud of, is Mary. But have you thought how much it will cost?" inquired the vicar.

The weaver shook his head.

"Well, the very lowest rate, for a school such as you seem to desire, would be from seventy to eighty pounds a year. Though, if you should decide to send her, I think I could get it down to fifty pounds. But that is a big lot of money, you know."

"You are right, sir; it be a lot of money. But duty is duty, sir. God has given me a child with the body and the soul of a born lady, and I must do by her accordingly."

"You think you can manage it, then?" said the vicar smiling.

"Yes, sir. You see, I've got laid up in the bank something over a couple of hundred pounds, and that should be enough for three years' schooling, shouldn't it, sir?"

"Yes, with care it should cover all expenses."

So it came to pass that at the age of fifteen Mary Allsopp was sent to a first-rate school in the South, where she remained for three years.

The principal was a family connection of the vicar's, and owing to his statement she received her new pupil for less than one-half the regular charges.

But of this, neither Mary nor her father was aware.

Jonathan Allsopp had no conception of the peculiar peril that attended his project, and that it was never brought home to him was entirely due to the fine nature of his daughter.

Mary came back to her cottage home a new creature at all points, save that of her love for her father.

She felt as though she had grown an inward eye, that made a new and independent report on the old and familiar objects of life.

And this interior change did but correspond with the exterior change in her person.

The lovely girl of fifteen was now in the open bud of lovelier womanhood.

Her complexion was pure, her features singularly regular and delicate; her face at rest was lovelier and serener than the face of any statue, and when smiling, as bright and sweet as a glad May sky.

Her deep brown eyes, fringed with very long lashes, were full of changing lights of humor, and sentiment and intelligence.

She was tall, with a graceful figure and carriage and—— but there, why waste words?

Only pigments could do justice to her charms, and they only in the hands of but one or two living artists.

To see this fair and harmonious piece of womanhood—fit ornament for a palace—stuck in a flag-paved cottage kitchen, was a sight to make the gods open their eyes and smile at their divine wisdom and foresight.

The weaver, a true son of the gods, watched the glorious creature doing all kinds of menial work, and was only conscious of the melodious skill and grace with which the drudgery was executed.

It did not once occur to him that inaptitude, awkwardness, and aversion would have been quite as natural, under the circumstances, as melodious skill and grace.

Perhaps if three or four large mirrors had been placed at suitable angles, so that Mary could have caught the reflection of her own melodious skill and grace, she might have derived some gratification from the view.

As it was, she was in sweet ignorance of her own enchantment.

She was contented because she was very happy, and the prolific root of her happiness was her affection for her dear father.

It was about ten months, now, since Mary had returned home. The young men round about looked at her wonderingly, and then dropped their eyes and passed on: she was not for such as they.

But Mary was not destined to bloom unseen and unadmired.

Mr. William Bunting, the energetic young manager of the large silk mills near the Methodist chapel down the valley, saw her one Sunday during service, and straightway said to himself:

"Ah, that's the weaver's daughter, is it! What a nice girl to love! I will love her!"

Like many dry practical men of business, who are supposed to be imperviable to sentiment, William Bunting had his weak side; and to the prosecution of his weakness he brought all the energy and decision of his character.

He lost no time in cultivating his slender acquaintance with Jonathan Allsopp, and became a frequent visitor at the cottage, and an almost open admirer of Mary, who received his attentions with no gratitude, but with gentle reserve, and the respect that was due to the manager of the great mills.

He did not appear brilliant in her eyes, but dim as an asteroid; this, peradventure, because she had seen one of the great lights, the fiery eye of Mars.

One morning, half hidden among roses, she had heard her name spoken, and, looking up, saw her friend the vicar, and with him a young fellow in a tweed knicker-bocker suit, who gazed at her for some moments in open-eyed astonishment.

Then, recollecting himself, he raised his hat and bowed as he would to the Duchess of Mercia.

He said something in a low tone to the vicar, who replied, hesitatingly:

"I think not, unless you wish it very much."

"I wish it very much."

"Miss Allsopp, may I introduce this gentleman to you?" inquired the vicar, with a laugh.

"Oh, come, I say," exclaimed the young man; then turning to Mary he said, "Miss Allsopp, we ought not to be strangers. Your father pays my father some golden guineas every year for rent, I believe."

"Are you the young squire, sir?" asked Mary in surprise.

"Yes," he answered, with a beseeching look in his eyes that haunted Mary for days.

CHAPTER III.

LEAVING Jenny Martin by the bridge, Mary continued her journey, which took her a good mile across the fields to a farmhouse.

It was a long way to go for butter and eggs twice a week, but Mary enjoyed the walk, for the prospect, even in the gloaming, was magnificent; moreover, she got a view of the deer as she crossed a corner of Shotover Park, and she was very fond of the timid graceful creatures; and a peep at the large old Hall, gray and solemn, the seat of Squire Paget: and four times out of five Alwyne, the young Squire, with the broad shoulders and the handsome face, and soft manners, and the beseeching eyes, and the honeyed lips; Alwyne the lovable—and the loved—would come across her path, and tarry for a while in her company.

A month ago, in a sleet storm, sheltering under some overhanging rocks, he had told her that he loved her.

Whereat her bosom heaved, and her face grew hot, and she dared not to raise her eyes from the ground for sweet shamefacedness.

A man and a woman—strangers they turned out to be—caused the two to part quickly, for gossip, with the adder's tongue, was not to be provoked.

Since then they had not met: Mary was afraid of herself.

But like her great namesake, she had kept certain things and pondered them in her heart.

This evening, however, she had started out hoping to meet him, for her heart was full.

And now, ah me, ah me! she burned and shivered, and prayed Heaven he would not come.

It was horrible! Alwyne, the good, the noble, the pure, given over to deeds that belong only to the base! Was that the meaning of his love for her?

She began to cry, for her great idolatrous love was wounded unto death. Suddenly Alwyne stood before her.

"Ah, at last, at last! I should have come to the cottage soon, if you had not come," he said, in those soft rich tones that made her heart melt within her.

Mary drew herself up in proud modesty as she answered:

"I did not come to meet you, sir. But it is better that we have met, perhaps."

"Why, Mary, my love, what is it? What do you mean?"

"I wish to tell you that I cannot accept your love, sir."

"Do you mean it?"

"Yes."

"Oh, my God! What have I done that you cast me off like a wastrel?"

"I did not say that you had done anything, Mr. Paget. I——"

"Oh, Mary, don't throw me over like that. All my happiness is bound up with the thought of you. If you don't love me now, it will come in time. Oh, my love, come to me; be my wife; let me live to make you happy?"

His wife? Her heart throbbed violently as she caught at the word, but she told herself almost angrily that he was not the man she had taken him to be; she would not

wed one who had brought shame on her sere, and had stained his manhood.

"I cannot," she answered, with a ring of decision in her voice that carried despair to the heart of Alwyne Paget.

He looked at her for some moments in silence.

What a lovely piece of proud womanhood she looked! so finished, so exquisite, so melodious, so adorable!

He took off his hat, knelt upon one knee, and bowed his head before her.

Then he rose and said, "Farewell," and so left her alone, with the dark-fronted hills about her.

"You are late, lassie," said the weaver to his daughter, as she came into the garden, where he was smoking his evening pipe.

"Yes, father, I am, rather. Have you wanted me?" inquired Mary, somewhat sadly.

"Well, no, lass. I have had company till half an hour ago."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. Mr. William Bunting called. Come in, lassie; I have some news for you."

Mary caught the accent of suppressed gladness in her father's voice, and it seemed to jar upon her strangely.

Perhaps she had a presentiment of what was coming. They went indoors, and when the lamp was lighted the weaver said:

"I have great good news for you, child. I knew I was doing right when I made up my mind to give you a dose of fine schooling. We sowed the seed, and now we shall reap the harvest, thank God!"

Mary said not a word, but sat busily plying her needle.

Continued her father:

"You know what I think of Mr. Bunting, and to-night he has shown a straightforward and honorable front, as became him. Lassie, he's dead in love with you, and to-night he asked leave to court you."

"Oh, father, father!" broke from Mary, like a cry of sharp pain; but the weaver heeded it not.

He was too busy with his own precious thoughts."

"Think of it, child. He says his salary is five hundred pounds a year—five hundred pounds! And he said, in confidence, that there was a chance of his soon being taken in as a partner. He's a clever lad, and what with his invention, and push and go, he has made himself necessary to old Mr. Wildgoose, who has got more money now than he knows what to do with. Aren't you glad, my child?"

"It is so unexpected, father. Besides, I don't think I could care for him. He won't press me for an answer yet awhile, will he?"

"I should say he would, child. I should in his place, I know," answered the weaver, thinking proud thoughts of his Mary. But William Bunting had more tact and knowledge of human nature, in its feminine aspect, than the weaver, and was content to wait patiently for an answer, knowing that time and Jonathan Allsopp were in his favor.

Meanwhile, Mary learned through the vicar that Alwyne Paget had gone abroad, with the expressed determination of not returning for some years.

She would gladly have remained as she was, but her father daily set forth the virtues and bright worldly prospects of William Bunting, and gently urged her to accept his suit.

But thinking of her lost love, she only sighed, and neither said yea nor nay.

One evening, in the late autumn, William Bunting came to the cottage.

The weaver was working late in his shop at the back, whence came the peculiar saw-like noise of his loom.

"Shall I tell father that you wish to see him, Mr.—William?" asked Mary very kindly.

It was not a promising sign that it always cost her an effort to call her lover by his Christian name.

"No, thank you; I do not wish to see him. I came to see you. Mary, there has come a crisis in my life, and my future is in your hands. To-day, Mr. Wildgoose, my employer, has offered to take me into the business, on nearly equal terms, as a partner. It is a grand offer, Mary, and, if I accept, my fortune is as good as made."

"I am very, very glad. I am sure you deserve it; father says so," said Mary, with no entnusiasm.

"It is very kind of him to say so, and of you to believe it. But I shall accept it only on one condition, and that is, that you accept me."

"Oh, please don't say that!"

"I do, and I abide by it. I could not stay round here now, if you won't have me. If you will, Mary, I will work like a slave; I will make money; I will get a position in society; I will get and give you everything that can make you happy."

With these, and many like words, did honest William Bunting plead his cause, and at last he won the day.

"I like you, William, and, what is better, I respect you very highly. But you will have to wait for love to grow. I will do my best to make it grow, and I will be your true wife. Can you accept me on those conditions?"

Thus spake Mary, and William gave her his first kiss, and said:

"Yes, indeed. I will soon make you love me."

Now was the weaver glad with great gladness, and Mary's mind was more at rest; and William Bunting became a partner in the great silkweaving concern, and felt like a giant refreshed with new wine, and set his mind on great things.

With the new year the two were married, and moved down the valley to a substantial stone house with pretty grounds, that fell vacant in the nick of time.

The little world of Linghough, and the circumjacent regions, saw the weaver's daughter pass out of their sphere with little wonder, and with no envy.

The thing seemed perfectly right and natural: it was getting a round peg at last into a round hole.

Was Mary happy? Did she love her husband with that affluent love of which she was so capable?

Were the deepest wants of her nature satisfied?

Save by inference, these are questions that may not be answered; for Mary of Linghough is yet alive.

There was, indeed, confessedly, one great craving of her nature unsatisfied. She was childless.

There was given to her no little wingless cherub to wonder at and worship; and Mary felt that perhaps the richest part of her nature was left to lie fallow.

They had been married over five years, when, one day, honest William Bunting said to his wife:

"Mary, how would you like to adopt a child?"

Mary blushed very prettily as she answered:

"I have thought for some time now, dear, that perhaps it was our duty."

"I don't know about it being a duty. Would it be a pleasure?"

"I still think, dear, that people in our position, who are able to take care of children, ought to look upon the adoption of some poor orphan as a duty they owe to society. I should be nervous, I confess. I should like to know all about its parents. If it were a nice child, it would be a great joy, I think."

Little more was said on the subject for some weeks, and then William startled his wife with the remark:

"I think I have got a boy for you at last, Mary."

"Why, Will, what do you mean?" she cried, laughing, and blushing very sweetly.

"You remember Jane Martin that used to live by the well?"

"Yes," said Mary, and her face grew suddenly pale.

"Well, it seems she died, somewhere in Kent, about six weeks ago. The old folk won't have the child near them, the brutes. I hear there is a talk of sending it to a Roman Catholic Orphanage. It is a fine strapping lad. I think you would like him."

After a long pause, Mary said:

"I suppose you know, dear, who was its father?"

"Oh yes; that is, I know what report said. You said, you know, that you would like to know all about its parents. And to tell you the truth, Mary—you won't mind what I am going to say, will you?—well, I wasn't blind, wife, even in those days. You had a sort of liking, I know, for Alwyne Paget. And it struck me that—perhaps—well——"

"Oh, husband mine, that was very noble of you! Many a man—most men would have found in that a reason for discarding the poor laddie. Yes, dearest, if you like we will adopt him," said Mary, as with a quick rush of emotion she threw her arms about her husband's neck, and kissed him.

So Mary became a foster-mother, and found in her fostering an ever-springing fountain of joy.

Oddly enough, the child was named William, already, and Mary was secretly glad that it bore the name of her husband rather than that of its father.

Thus when honest William Bunting said:

"Shall we change his name, wife? William isn't a very poetical name."

Mary made answer:

"It is better—it is a royal name, and it is yours, love. You brought him to me, and I shall love him as your child."

Whereat the honest fellow smiled, and was pleased.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HIS FIRST VISIT.—A gentleman wished to visit an asylum for the insane. He saw the medical superintendent, and then said:

"I don't wish to go over the asylum in the usual way, but to mingle with the patients as if I were a—an officer, a surgeon, or even one of themselves. By so doing, I shall be better enabled to judge of their intellectual state, and of their progress in the direction of sanity."

"With pleasure," said the doctor. "It is Saturday, and we usually have a dance on Saturday night. If you go into the ball-room, as we call it, you will see them dancing and talking without reserve."

"Would it be objectionable if I—a—danced with them?" asked the visitor.

"Not at all," was the reply.

The stranger walked into the ballroom, and selecting the prettiest girl he saw for a partner, was soon keeping up a very animated conversation with her. In the course of the evening he said to the doctor:

"Do you know, that girl in the white dress with blue spots in it is a very curious case? I've been talking to her, and I cannot, for the life of me, discover in what direction her mental malady lies. Of course, I saw at once she was mad—saw it in the odd look of her eyes. She kept looking at me so oddly that I asked her if she did not think she was the Queen of England, or whether she had not been robbed of a large fortune by the volunteer movement, or jilted by the Prince of Wales, and tried to find out the cause of her lunacy; but I could not; she was too artful."

"Very likely," answered the doctor; "you see, she is not a patient; she is one of the housemaids, and as sane as you are."

Meantime the pretty housemaid went to her fellow servant, and said:

"Have you seen the new patient? He's been dancing with me. A fine, tall man, with beautiful whiskers, but as mad as a March hare. He asked me if I wasn't the Queen of England, if a volunteer hadn't robbed me of a large fortune, and whether the Prince of Wales didn't want to marry me. He is mad. Isn't it a pity? Such a fine young man!"

TRAPPING TIGERS.

THE sport of trapping tigers, as it existed in India one hundred years ago, is still a true description of a very characteristic and picturesque incident of Eastern rural life.

Robert Lindsay, the English governor of the province of Sylhet, at that time writes of it as follows:

Large traps, constructed of wood and turf, with four doors successively opening from each other, are built in such places as the tigers frequent.

The bait is a living bullock in the centre. The tiger may enter on either side: on treading on a spring, the two counter-doors drop, and he is secured, while the bullock remains in perfect safety.

A tube or cylinder, of about twelve feet long and eighteen inches calibre—made of mats, and fortified with rope or ground rattans, and secured at the further end by two sticks run across it—is now introduced; and the tiger, being previously teased in the trap and abundantly anxious to escape, seeing this ray of daylight conveyed into his prison through the tube, gathers himself together and darts into it, in hope of finding a passage of the opposite extremity; but is stopped by the crossbars.

A man stands by to drive in two other bars across the end by which he entered.

No mouse was ever more inoffensive than this powerful animal now finds himself; the whole space he has to move in is only eighteen inches calibre, which barely allows him to move, and I have repeatedly taken him by the whiskers with impunity.

In Robert Lindsay's time, the unfortunate animal was usually carried to the walled enclosure of a deserted mosque, and there, in presence of an excited crowd of spectators, compelled to do battle with a buffalo, tame or wild.

The result was seldom doubtful; for if the buffalo once got his opponent within reach of his huge and massive horns, the unfortunate tiger was tossed from one horn to another with a dexterity of which the uncouth gait of the buffalo gives small promise, and was speedily killed.

Nowadays, the captured tiger or leopard is usually carried in triumph to the homesteads of the more wealthy landowners, who are expected to recompense the captors with presents suited to the donors' importance and wealth.

When the poor beast is worn out by its ineffectual struggles in the confined space which renders its mighty muscles powerless, it is conveyed to the nearest official, who has it put to death as speedily and mercifully as possible, and disburses the customary government reward, the amount of which seems to have been determined a hundred years ago.

One improvement only has been effected in the method of capture.

On the trapdoor is now usually mounted an empty kerosene oil tin, the work of distant American tinsmiths, and this serves by the clatter of its descent to waken the builders of the trap, who commonly sleep in a temporary hut hard by.

The process of driving the tiger into the long tube of mats and rattans is more exciting and dangerous than Lindsay's description would lead the reader to suppose.

The trapdoor has to be raised to admit the end of the tube, and there is always the possibility that the infuriated animal, whose roars are loud enough to strike terror into the stoutest breast, may break loose on either side.

Consequently, an excited ring of villagers, armed with spears, billhooks, and perhaps even a rusty muzzle-loading fowling-piece or two, is formed round the trap, ready to account for the animal, if his exit should not take him into the cunningly devised tube.

If he does break loose, a general stampede is not uncommon, or else one or two of the stouter villagers receive honorable wounds from tooth or ravening claw.

But more commonly the frightened beast crawls quietly into the long tube, and is powerless, in spite of the fragile appearance of his mat envelope, which in shape exactly resembles the pink or white biscuits which are commonly eaten with tea.

It is a curious sensation to see a tiger's growling face within a few inches of your own, and to be able, if you are so little magnanimous as to follow Robert Lindsay's example, to pull the great cat's whiskers.

JAY GOULD'S engagements for the day are scrawled on a blackboard in his private office. Russell Sage scribbles his daily programme in hieroglyphics on his cuff. John Jacob Astor keeps tally of his time on the margins of an almanac's pages.

Scientific and Useful.

ROSIN.—To purify rosin and precipitate its impurities, melt and allow to settle, and if necessary, strain through sacking.

WALNUT STAIN FOR DEAL.—One quart of water, 1 1-2 ounces common soda, 2 1-2 ounces Vandyke brown, 1-4 ounce bicromate of potassium. Boil for ten minutes and apply hot or cold.

WALL-PAPER.—To determine the number of rolls of wall paper to cover the walls of a room measure the circumference, from which deduct the widths of doors and windows, and divide the remainder by three.

IRON OR STEEL.—To paint iron or steel to protect it from corrosion first use a priming of oxide of magnesia, afterward any oxide paint on top of it. Do this properly and it will never corrode, even when under water.

TO REMOVE PAINT.—Eight parts of slacked lime, one part pear ash; add water till the mixture is of the consistence of paint. Put it on with an old brush, and sixteen hours after you can scrape off the paint quite easily.

SALT.—The quality of table salt and its tendency to pack together in cruets and containers, may be entirely overcome by thoroughly drying the salt and intimately mingling with it a small percentage of dry corn starch or arrowroot. From 8 to 10 per cent, is amply sufficient for the most humid atmosphere, while a much less percentage of the starch is sufficient for ordinary use.

TINFOIL.—The attention of health authorities has been drawn to the danger lurking in tinfoil, the use of which for wrapping articles of food has been forbidden in France. It is found that this wrapping, which is used for Neufchatel cheese, chewing gum, various kinds of candy, and all kinds of chewing tobacco, is dangerous on account of the lead in it, and several well-defined cases of lead poisoning have been traced to this source.

TO METALLIZE WOOD.—Steep in a bath of caustic alkali at a temperature of between 154 degrees and 197 degrees Fah. for two or three days, according to its permeability. Then place it in a bath of hydrosulphate of calcium for twenty-four to thirty six hours, and then add a concentrated solution of sulphur; forty-eight hours after this addition place it in a third bath of acetate of lead between 90 degrees and 120 degrees Fah., where it must remain thirty to fifty hours, according to its permeability. When completely dried it will take an extremely fine polish, and if rubbed with lead, zinc or tin, and afterward with a burnisher of glass, it will be like a metal mirror, and it is impossible for moisture to damage it in any way.

Farm and Garden.

WEEDS.—It is not out of place to again call attention to the fact that every weed that is allowed to go to seed now or during the season may cause hundreds of others to come up next season.

THE TOOLS.—Taking care of the tools and implements is one of the best modes of economising on the farm. The value of the tools annually depreciated from lack of cleaning, oiling, and exposure to weather, is enormous.

FAT AND LEAN.—It is possible to rear pigs so as to have 75 per cent of lean meat in them. This can be accomplished by feeding bran, middlings and skim milk, or bran and middlings. Hogs need salt as much as any other animal.

CHURNING.—Frequent churning is better than retaining the cream from separate milkings, as mixture of cream of different ages is usually the cause of poor butter. The best butter is made by churning the cream as soon as it is ready.

ENSILAGE.—It has been demonstrated that horses can be fed on ensilage with advantage, and that where they are not required to do service, as in winter, an allowance of thirty pounds of ensilage per day will keep horses in good condition.

THE CROPS.—When grain and hay crops are sold off the land they carry away the fertility of the farm but when such crops are fed to stock not only is a portion of the crops left over as manure, but a higher price is received for such crops in the shape of beef, pork, mutton or milk, which enables the farmer to restore any loss of fertility by keeping the increased receipts consequent upon the keeping of stock.

CO-OPERATION.—It is annoying to a farmer who keep his farm free of weeds to have his neighbors' fields covered with the pests. The seeds of many weeds are carried quite a distance by the winds, and any negligence on the part of one farmer in a community may cause much unnecessary labor to all of the others. Farmers can co-operate to no better advantage than in keeping down weeds, and it will even pay them to employ some one to remove the weeds from the field of one who will not do so much for himself.

THE chief topic of discussion in London clubs and court circles is the betrothal of Princess Louise Victoria Alexander Dagmar, of Wales, eldest daughter of the Prince and Princess of Wales, to the Earl of Fife. Princess Louise has a very pretty figure, about middle size, and a face with plenty of character. She was born in Marlborough House, February 20, 1867.

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER.

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The End of Life.

The world which we inhabit is a checkered scene. Everything around us is changed or changing into some new form. It is so in nature; seed time and harvest, cold and heat, summer and winter, day and night, regularly succeed each other.

The oaks of the forest as well as the flowers of the field, the heavens as well as the earth, the works of art as well as the works of nature, are subject to perpetual revolution.

The very ashes of the commonest household fire are melancholy things, for they remind us of what was once bright, and suggest thoughts of loss and ruin, with which our sad experience of life's changes enables us to sympathize.

More melancholy still are the brown withered leaves of autumn, blown by the chill November winds about our paths; the ashes of Nature's gorgeous funeral pyre, in which the pomp and glory of the summer burnt itself out; each of which tells us of a miracle of beauty and design, and a life of gladness which have perished for ever.

We mourn for the awful waste that goes on in the world, the extinction of species, the myriads of seeds that never germinate, of blossoms that fall in their perfection, and of fruits that never set or ripen. But there is no waste in nature equal to the waste of human life.

The lightest heart, the least thoughtful mind, has no disbelief of death. The distance of the dark cloud in which he comes, sailing through the bosom of futurity, may be miscalculated; but the world unhesitatingly owns he is coming, and will at last be here.

In almost every other particular of existence the fortunes of men differ; but to die is common to all.

The stream of life runs in a thousand various channels, but run where it will—brightly or darkly, smoothly or languidly—it is stopped by Death.

Though invisible, he is always abroad on the earth. The trees drop their leaves at the approach of the winter's frost; man falls at the presence of death.

Every successive generation he claims for his own, and his claim is never denied. To die is the condition on which we hold life; rebellion sickens with hopelessness at the thought of resisting death.

The very hope of the most desperate is not that death may be escaped, but that he is eternal; and all that the young, the careless and the dissipated attempt is to think of him as seldom as they can.

No man, therefore, will deny that whatever can be said of death is applicable to himself. The bell that he hears tolled may never toll for him; there may be no friend or children left to lament him; he may not have to lie through long and anxious days, looking for the coming of the expected terror; but he knows that he must die; he knows that in whatever quarter of the world he abides—whatever be his circumstances—however strong his present hold of life—however unlike the prey of death he looks—that it is his doom beyond reverse to die.

If death were only contingent, and not certain, yet, because it might happen, it ought to make us very careful and solicitous.

If God should say that only one of all those in the world should die, but did not declare who that one were, yet all would fear.

Why, then, dost thou not now fear, when all men must infallibly die, and perhaps thou the first.

It is no more wonderful to die than to live; to undergo the change called death, than the change effected at birth.

Man exists before he is born, and unless some of his deepest instincts are fallacious as ever oracle of old, ceases not to be when he expires.

Death is but a kind of second birth; the close of an embryo state of being, and the commencement of a new and more enlarged existence.

It is the last of the physical changes incessantly taking place in our vital material frame, all of which are in the eye of philosophy alike mysterious and incomprehensible.

Death is the removal of an outgrowth after it has accomplished its functions and become a hindrance; the outward bark of the tree become dry, and scaling off that the tree may expand with more thrift and freedom.

Death is a necessary stage in human progress, of which the lower analogies prophesy in strains of joy.

It is not less natural for the old to die than for the fields to mellow in autumn, or for the fruit when ripe to fall from the tree.

And who would repine that the weary pilgrim reaches his journey's end, that the worn-out traveler gets to a resting place, or that the mariner, after a long and boisterous voyage, gains a haven of perpetual repose?

It is not the best things—that is, the things which we call best—that make men; it is not the pleasant things; it is not the calm experiences of life; it is life's rugged experiences, its tempests, its trials. The discipline of life is here good and there evil, here trouble and there joy, here rudeness and there smoothness, one working with the other; and the alternations of the one and the other which necessitate adaptations, constitute a part of that education which makes a man a man, in distinction from an animal, which has no education. The successful man invariably bears the marks of the struggles which he has had to undergo on his brow.

Let him not imagine who aims at greatness that all is lost by a single adverse cast of fortune; for if fortune has at one time the better of courage, courage may afterwards recover the advantage. He who is prepossessed with the assurance of overcoming, at least overcomes the fear of failure; whereas he who is apprehensive of losing loses, in reality, all hopes of subduing. Boldness and power are such inseparable companions that they appear to be born together; and when once divided, they both decay and die at the same time.

Work is the grand panacea for trouble. If you have plenty to do, you have less time for the "blues," and your thoughts are prevented from dwelling unduly upon real sorrows. To earn one's bread by steady labor need not be a curse, but a blessing. In bereavement in troubles of home and heart, even when that bitterest of all griefs comes, the consciousness that trusted friends have failed you, there is a sort of safety and consolation in genuinely hard work, be it mental or physical.

A bitter word may make a wound that will never heal. A kind word may win a friend that will never turn. A caution may save a soul; and yet silence is sometimes more stinging, and at other times more soothing than any word.

It was a saying of the first Napoleon that every man should make his opportunities—his chances. But, as a general thing, while ten men watch for chances, only one makes chances; while ten men wait for something to turn up, only one turns something up; so while ten men fail, one succeeds, and is called a man of luck and the favorite of fortune. There is no luck like pluck, and fortune most favors those who are most indifferent to fortune.

The first use of education is to enable us to consult with the wisest and greatest of men on all points of earnest difficulty. To use books rightly, is to go to them for help; to appeal to them, when our own knowledge and power of decision have failed; to be led by them into wider sight, purer conception than our own, and receive from them the united sentence of the judges and councils of all time, against our solitary and unstable opinion.

It has always been more difficult for a man to keep than to get; for, in the one case, fortune aids, which often assists injustice; but in the other case, sense is required. Therefore, we often see a person deficient in cleverness rise to wealth; and then, from want of sense, roll head over heels to the bottom.

The amelioration of the condition of mankind, and the increase of human happiness, ought to be the leading objects of every political institution, and the aim of every individual, according to the measure of his power, in the situation he occupies.

Nothing can supply the place of books. They are cheering or soothing companions in solitude, illness, afflictions. The wealth of both continents would not compensate for the good they impart.

The common practice of cunning is the sign of a small genius; it almost always happens that those who use it to cover themselves in one place lay themselves open in another.

In all the affairs of human life, social as well as political, courtesies of a small and trivial character are the ones which strike deepest to the grateful and appreciating heart.

True courage is always mixed with circumspection; this being the quality which distinguishes the courage of the wise from the hardiness of the rash and foolish.

Cunning leads to knavery; it is but a step from one to the other, and that very slippery; lying only makes the difference; add to that cunning, and it is knavery.

Good intentions are at least the seeds of good actions; and every man ought to sow them, and leave it to the soil and the season whether they come up or no.

Politeness has been defined to be artificial good-nature; but we may affirm, with much greater propriety, that good-nature is natural politeness.

As the soil, however rich it may be, cannot be productive without culture, so the mind, without cultivation, can never produce good fruit.

When you are down-hearted, and the world looks black to you, you ought to be hospitable enough to entertain a hope of better days.

Nature is upheld by antagonisms. Passions, resistance, danger, are educators. We acquire the strength we have overcome.

He whose first emotion on the view of an excellent production is to undervalue it will never have one of his own to show.

If in doing an act we saw a chain winding round our bodies we should be alarmed. But habit binds chains by every deed.

It is more manly to fail in a hundred enterprises than to sit down and grumble at those who are trying.

He is young enough who has health, and he is rich enough who has no debts.

A good deed or a kind word is never thrown away.

The World's Happenings.

Astoria, L. I., has several Chinese farmers.

Paintings and sculptures by colored artists may be exhibited in Boston next winter.

There is a giant rose tree in Roostoen, Holland, which has held over 8000 roses at the same time.

The "Rev. Billy Sowders" is an evangelist who is snatching brands from the burning in the West.

A California court has granted a divorce to a husband on the ground that he was insane when he married.

A colossal bronze statue of John Brown has been erected by Queen Victoria in the grounds at Balmoral.

It is proposed to open a liquor saloon in Berlin where by paying a lump sum of $150 a year a man can drink all he wants.

There is a female patient in the Stockton, Cal., asylum whose insanity was caused by internal injuries, the result of tight lacing.

The average life of woman is longer than that of man, and in most parts of the United States woman's expectation of life is greater.

The Queen of England seldom drinks more than one small glass of wine at dinner, and afterward takes a few drops of good Scotch whisky.

In France milk is now transported in a frozen state, and the statement is made that it may be kept sweet for days and weeks in this condition.

A St. Louis paper, as an inducement to newspaper readers, offers an accident insurance policy of $500 to each purchaser of the paper, good for 24 hours.

The number of suicides in the United States last year, as closely as can be figured, was 7000, and the majority of them were farmers and farmers' wives.

A Scotchman, who evidently does not despise small things, claims that he has detected 20,000 dust motes in the thousandth part of a cubic inch of the air of a room.

A man with an artificial cheek, eye and palate has been attracting attention at an English watering place. It is said that he eats without difficulty and speaks distinctly.

At the top of the Eiffel Tower, for a fee, specially prepared notepaper, dated from the summit of the tower, is provided, and the writer can have the letter posted on the spot.

An enterprising merchant in Chicago displays in front of his store a lamp, to which is attached a card reading: This lamp will be reduced in price 10 cents per day until it is sold.

A Wisconsin woman has done all the family sewing for 30 years with a paper of needles which was presented to her on her wedding day. Though her family is large, the needles are not all used up yet.

A curious instance of the far reaching distress growing out of the Johnstown flood comes from England. A London paper says 500 Cornwall families are reported to be wearing crape for relatives lost in the Conemaugh Valley.

American machinery in many respects seems unsurpassed, yet we see it stated that the United Kingdom export over $50,000,000 worth in a single year as compared with less than $10,000,000 sent to other countries by the United States.

Residents of Osceola county, Fla., propose holding, on the first Monday in each month, a "sale day," for the purpose of bringing together buyers and sellers of stock and property of all descriptions. Licensed auctioneers will be on hand to cry stock.

Several weeks ago a New York lawyer, while rummaging in a dark closet, disturbed the peace of a spider, which retaliated by biting him on the hand. The latter became so swollen and painful soon afterwards that for a week the lawyer was unable to leave his house.

A fond parent in Massachusetts, wishing to assist his little son to make up a purse for the Fourth, agreed to pay him one cent for every potato bug he would capture. At the close of the first day the child had 840 bugs. The father paid the $8 40, but the contract did not continue.

Three boys, who had sought refuge from a recent storm in a barn in Chester county, Pa., were stunned by lightning, which struck the opposite end of the building. A cow was killed and a horse paralyzed by the shock. Fortunately the lightning did not set fire to the barn.

That cheerful old savage, Prince Nicholas, of Montenegro, recently had his Minister of Public Instruction laid face downward across a log in the palace yard and flogged with birch rods some 50 strokes. Then he sent him to jail for a year. He had caught him tampering with some State archives.

A practical joke was played recently on the venerable Methodist Bishop, William Xavier Ninde. At a hotel, lately, he registered as plain "W. X. Ninde." Then the joker strolled up, as soon as the Bishop's back was turned, and wrote a "his" over the "X," in the signature, and a "mark" under it.

Richard Henry Stoddard, the poet, is extremely democratic in his tastes and habits. A friend recently found him between noon and 1 o'clock P. M. sitting in an elevator eating a dish of Irish stew with the elevator man. Stoddard took the attendant to his home one day and introduced him as "the man with whom I sometimes dine."

Isaac Pitman, the inventor of the system of short-hand writing that bears his name, is a good example of vigorous and industrious old age. He is past 76 years of age, and works daily from 6 in the morning until 6 in the evening. He used to work from 6 in the morning until 16 at night, but now says that he is getting too old to work all day.

A peculiar drowning accident occurred lately in Pittsfield, Mass. Henry Roberts, while walking across a plank laid over a ditch, was attacked with an epileptic fit. He fell face downward into the ditch, and lay on his face in about six inches of water. No one saw him fall, and he drowned before he could recover sufficiently to help himself.

THE CITY OF THE DEAD.

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

O, valley made so desolate,
Thy former glory fled,
Grim death has built within thy walls
A City of the Dead.

O, solemn hush that lies on all,
Deep grief is ever so;
And human words are powerless
To measure out your woe.

"One touch of nature makes us kin"—
We greet you thro' our tears;
The bitter mem'ries of this night
Will haunt us thro' all years.

O, mourning city, see outstretched
Thy sisters' hundred hands;
With that quick sympathy which makes
Our land the pride of lands.

—FLORENCE A. JONES.

The Brown Portmanteau.

BY CURTIS YORKE.

WE were sitting in the library, one chilly May night, my wife and I; and before us stood the subject of this short tale, a brown leather portmanteau, empty, large, and new.

It had just come; in fact I had only bought it that very day, for I was on the eve of starting for a month's absence in Scotland.

I intended going straight to Edinburgh, leaving the bulk of my possessions there in the aforesaid portmanteau, and reserving only a small bag for the various expeditions I meant to make thence to small out-of-the-way places.

It had caught my eye in a shop in the Strand, as the very thing I wanted; but now that it had come home, it seemed to me absurdly large—at least twice the size I had imagined it to be.

Had any one but myself bought it, I should have pronounced it preposterously huge. As it was, I merely observed, in a casual tone, that it was a nice convenient size.

"Why, George, it would almost hold me," said my wife, laughing. Whereupon the foolish little thing got in, and playfully requested me to see if it would shut. But I was in rather a morose and irritable frame of mind on that particular evening, and only said curtly—

"Don't be foolish and childish, Jennie."

And poor little Mrs. Talbot climbed out again, looking rather crestfallen, as well as surprised and hurt, at my sharp and perhaps unmerited snub. We had not been married quite a year, and as yet, snubs on either side were events, not incidents.

However, as I have hinted, I was not in a playful humor. In fact I was in an undeniably bad temper. In the first place, I had been painfully reminded all day that I had a liver, a reminder which had become of late most unpleasantly frequent and forcible.

Indeed it was on this account that my physician had ordered me to rest from my parliamentary duties for a time, and recommended a month or so of roughing it with my rod and line (my one hobby in the way of sport). I intended going alone, for my wife at that time was not very strong.

In the second place, I had had at the club that afternoon as near an approach to a violent quarrel as was possible for a man of my peaceable tendencies.

Harold Brisbane was a fellow I never could bear, and on this unlucky afternoon I was inclined to bear rather less of him, or anybody else, than usual.

A heated and prolonged discussion had arisen in the reading-room of the club of which we were both members, regarding some vexed question of modern philosophy or psychology, I really forget which.

At all events, Brisbane's remarks on the subject appeared to me both senseless and absurd; and I said so in plain words, after having advanced a few of my own views on the matter, which were at least characterized by probability and commonsense.

He replied in a way in which I could see neither point or wit, though several of the other men saw fit to grin audibly. No doubt, to some minds, his retort was to a certain extent amusing enough, but it is easy to be funny at other people's expense, especially on personal matters.

So I made a few observations which I flattered myself touched him smartly. Then, not wishing to have any further unpleasantness, I rose, and left them to make jokes at their leisure.

Hardly had I left the room than I heard a subdued roar of idiotic laughter behind me; and as I walked along Pall Mall, I felt, as I had felt a hundred times before, that it would give me extreme and genuine pleasure to wring Master Brisbane's neck, or otherwise insure his permanent removal from the haunts of man.

During dinner I had told Jennie of this little contretemps, and she had aggravated me extremely by saying that she never could understand my dislike to Mr. Brisbane; for her part, she thought him charming.

Now I knew that Brisbane was an old admirer of Jennie's, and I had felt put out at her warm and uncalled-for championship of him. Therefore having snubbed her on the first occasion that presented itself, I felt better.

She went quietly out of the room, after having closed the portmanteau; and I, having lit my favorite meerschaum, and replenished the fire, leaned back in my chair, and mentally composed various cutting and withering sarcasms to sear the soul of Brisbane upon the first fitting opportunity.

I had just rounded off an imaginary speech calculated to make even a hippopotamus feel uncomfortable—though, to be sure, Brisbane was thicker-skinned than any hippopotamus—when the door opened, and Parks announced—

"Mr. Brisbane."

The little fiend came gaily into the room, as though he and I had been the best friends in the world. I suddenly remembered that he had said something in the afternoon, before our fracas, about "looking me up in the evening."

"Well, old man!" he said, with his usual grin. "Found your temper, eh?" (That was another annoying thing about Brisbane; he would persist in addressing me as "old man" and "old fellow," as though we were on the most intimate and familiar terms.)

"How are you?" I said with difficult civility.

"Here I am, you see," he went on, as he dragged a chair to the fire and sat down. "In spite of your little fit of spleen this afternoon, I managed to get over it. There's nothing thin-skinned about me."

"No, by Jove, there is not," I thought savagely. But aloud I only said, "No?" in coldly interrogative tones, and filled my pipe anew.

"Of course, you know," he continued airily, as he helped himself to one of my finest cigars, "you were remarkably crusty, old fellow. But then equally of course we all know that liver plays the very deuce with the temper."

"I can assure you," I began haughtily, "that I——"

"Oh, don't apologize," he interrupted, with a wave of his hand. "I quite understand; I forgot all you said a moment or two afterwards. I never bear malice. Don't say another word about it."

When I could get a word in, I assured him emphatically, and with considerable temper, that I had not the slightest intention of apologizing. I might as well have held my tongue.

"Don't excite yourself, old man," he went on, as he lit his cigar. "It's all right. Beastly thing liver, as I was saying. Good servant, bad master, eh? And you are getting on, you know, Talbot. Let me see now, you must be close on forty, are you not?"

"I really fail to see how my age can possibly concern you, Mr. Brisbane," I observed frostingly.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the little wretch. "You are beginning to be touchy on that point, eh? Well, when I get on a little, I dare say I shall wince when age is mentioned, too."

Brisbane, according to his own statement, was twenty-nine. If he was no more, he was the oldest-looking man for his age I ever beheld.

To be candid, I was touchy about my age, for, between ourselves, I was at that time already on the wrong side of forty, though I am confident I did not look it, and my wife Jennie was only nineteen.

"Shall I have the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Talbot to-night?" said Brisbane, after a pause—of silent fury on my part.

"I fear not," I replied stiffly. "I fancy she has already retired."

I hoped he would take this a hint to curtail his visit, for I observed with some surprise that the hands of the timepiece pointed to twelve. I had not imagined it so late. What did the fellow mean by disturbing people at such an hour?

"By Jove!" he exclaimed. "I had no idea it was that time of night."

"It is rather late," I observed, proceeding to wind up my watch. But hints were thrown away upon Brisbane. He leaned back in his chair, and looked aggravatingly comfortable.

He was not a bad-looking little fellow. Women, I believe, usually considered him handsome; Jennie said she did. I, on the contrary, had no pretensions to good looks at all.

But I was considerably his superior in height and build, for I exceeded the five feet ten allowed to be the ordinary height of men by at least two inches, and was broad in proportion. Brisbane was slimly built, and barely stood five feet six.

"Your wife is a sweet little woman," was my guest's next remark—"a very sweet little woman. You are a lucky fellow, Talbot. I hope you make her a good husband."

I was conscious of a raging desire to kick the fellow out of the room. I restrained myself with difficulty, and gazed at him with haughty displeasure and contempt. He was not looking at me, however, and presently went on meditatively—

"Ah, Jennie and I were a great deal to each other—once. I was hard hit, I can tell you."

Here the fellow stopped and sighed. I sat in speechless indignation, while he continued—

"Poor beggars like me have small chance against you fellows with rent-rolls as long as your arm. You always cut in before us. The almighty dollar generally ranks before anything else with a woman, worse luck. It was a toss-up between us, and you won—at least your dollars did."

A paroxysm of rage and amazement rioted within me. Was the fellow mad, or drunk? I laid down my meerschaum, and looked at him for a moment in infuriated silence. He met my gaze calmly and steadily.

"Do you mean to imply, Mr. Brisbane," I said, as soon as I could speak, "that my wife preferred you to me, and only married me because of my worldly position."

"You've about hit it," he answered laconically.

I rose to my feet, and leaned against the mantelpiece.

"You are an infernal liar!" I said, slowly and distinctly.

He rose also. He had turned perfectly white; his eyes flashed.

"Come, Talbot," he said, very quietly, but still with that ominous light in his eyes. "You have gone too far this time. Take back your words, or——"

"Take back your words," I said, through my shut teeth, "or I swear I will kill you!"

"I shall take back nothing," he returned fiercely. "Nay, more. Your wife was engaged to me when you proposed to her. She broke off her engagement to me at her father's bidding, but she loved me. She cried her heart out in my arms the day before her wedding day. Make what you like of that, you self-sufficient fool! Ay, and she loves me now, she——"

"Curse you!" I broke in violently. In another moment my hand was on his throat, my brain reeled, a red cloud swam before my eyes.

I shook him like a dog, and flung him violently to the ground. As he fell his head struck with a dull, horrible sound on a sharp corner of the fender.

With clenched hands and laboring breath I stood over him, waiting for him to rise. But he did not rise. The blow had stunned him. Ay—it had done more!

There was a pause—how long I know not—during which a ghastly silence reigned.

Then I knelt down beside him, and said hoarsely, "Brisbane! are you hurt? For God's sake speak!" For his eyes were wide open.

Still he lay there, unanswering, motionless. I raised his head, and saw that there was a small three-cornered wound just above his left temple. My frantic efforts to restore him were in vain.

It was useless to chafe his hands, to pour brandy between his lips, for he was dead! I felt his heart, his wrist. Heart and pulse were still. Dead! Merciful Powers! was I a murderer, then?

I staggered to my feet, and locked the door. Then I sat down at the table, and hid my face in my hands, frozen with a deadly numbing horror.

The house was quite still; the ponderous tick of the antique clock which stood in the hall was plainly audible in the silence. The wind had died down, and at intervals sobbed fitfully at the casement, and in the chimney.

I heard my wife come to the door, and turn the handle. "George!" I heard her say, "George—let me in!" But I told her to go away—that I did not wish to be disturbed. My voice, even to myself, sounded far away and hollow.

"George!" her entreating voice sounded again through the stillness. "George—open the door!"

But I did not answer, and presently I heard her cross the hall, and the echo of her footsteps die away upon the stairs.

I sat there for an hour longer. My eyes, magnetised, rested on the still figure and pale features of my victim. The horror I felt had now merged itself into a ghastly fear.

Slowly I realized what I had done—what I must still do! Three courses were open to me. Which should I choose.

Explain that the affair was the result of an accident, that Brisbane had stumbled, fallen, and, in so doing, received the blow which had unhappily proved fatal? No. The time which had elapsed without my given the alarm, and since death had taken place—our quarrel in the club that very day—my well-known dislike of him—all would tell against me. Give myself up, then? Break Jennie's heart—blight my career for ever—stand my trial for murder? Never! What course then remained?

Only one. I must get rid of the body!

Ay—but how?

Sick and dizzy, I rose to my feet, and as I did so a sudden inspiration flashed across my mind. The portmanteau! It should conceal my crime!

It seemed to me, by the light of the dying lamp, to have assumed an abnormal size. It was open, too. I could have sworn it was shut but a moment before!

I stooped, dragged the unfortunate man's body across the floor, and lifted it into the portmanteau, where it fell in a limp, shapeless heap.

He was a little slight fellow, as I have said; but he seemed to me almost childishly slight and weightless now. A look of horror and reproach gleamed in the violent depths of his wide-open eyes. I tried to close them, but I could not.

As I was about to shut down the lid I noticed that one of his hands hung over the edge. I put it back hastily, shrinking from the touch of the nerveless fingers.

Then, after a moment's thought, I took all the papers and letters out of his pockets, and burned them.

As I did so, a photograph slipped from its envelope, and fell into the ash-pan, face upwards. I picked it up, and saw that it was Jennie's; one of some that she had had taken only two months ago.

All remorse left me then; and with a passionate oath I fiercely closed the portmanteau, strapped it securely, and locked it. This done, I threw myself, exhausted, into a chair. Great drops of sweat stood on my forehead. I was trembling like a girl. I poured out a glass of brandy, and drank it eagerly; then I unlocked the door.

At that moment the lamp flickered, blazed into sudden brilliancy, and went out. Some impulse made me go back and feel if I had locked the portmanteau. Yes, I had.

The hall was quite dark, and I groped my way upstairs. Stealthy footsteps seemed to keep pace with mine.

Jennie was asleep. The moonlight fell upon her tranquil face and closed eyes. Happy Jennie! Sleep was impossible to me—sleep, and rest, and peace—for ever. For on my forehead—on my heart—was the brand of Cain!

I do not know how I passed that night. I neither undressed nor lay down. I think I walked miles in the fitful darkness of the quiet room, torn alternately by the horror of my crime, and the passionate grief of learning that my adored wife's heart had never been mine—always another's!

Once Jennie stirred in her sleep, and murmured some half-indistinct words. I stopped and listened. It is possible to feel jealous even of the dead.

The moon, long obscured, shone out again. I leaned over my wife's pillow, and saw her lips move. It was Brisbane's name she murmured. My heart sickened with jealous agony, and again remorse fled.

Hark! What was that? From downstairs there came the sound of hideous, prolonged, muffled laughter. My blood seemed to freeze in my veins. I shuddered violently, and resumed my restless pacing up and down the room.

Strange to say, no feeling of hatred to Jennie was in my heart for her falseness to me—her duplicity. I only seemed to pity her. For was she not the wife of a murderer?

The hours went on, sometimes in darkness, sometimes in moonlight—for it had not struck me to light the candles—and I still walked up and down, and thought—

thought—until my brain seemed bursting. At last my plans were formed; and, worn out, I sank into a chair, and leaned my head against the cushioned back. Then I saw that the day had dawned, and heard the clock downstairs strike four.

During breakfast I informed Jennie, harshly enough, that I had packed some books, extra clothes, etc., in the new portmanteau, and would take my old black one as well, which, I added, was also packed and strapped.

"Very well, dear," she replied, "but would you start to-day, George? You look so ill. I wish," wistfully, "that I were going with you."

She came and laid her arms round my neck as she spoke, and I saw that her eyes were full of tears. I sat silent, pale, and submitted passively to her caress.

Would not one think she loved me? But I knew better. I rose abruptly, and shook off her little hands; my heart full of rage and misery.

I was to start by the 9.45 for Edinburgh, and it was now 9.20. I said a brief "Good-bye" to Jennie, and touched her forehead coldly with my lips.

"George," she called out, in a wavering little voice, as I was stepping into the brougham, "you have no label on the brown portmanteau." But I took no notice, and was soon driven rapidly away.

I arrived in Edinburgh about eight o'clock.

"Any luggage, sir?" said an obsequious porter, as I stepped out on the platform at Waverley.

"One black portmanteau, labelled Talbot," I replied laconically.

I drove to the Clarendon in Princes Street, where I had already wired to secure a room. On entering my bedroom, the first thing I saw was—did my eyes deceive me?—the brown portmanteau!

"Here," I said hurriedly to the man who followed me with the rest of my baggage, "have this thing taken out. It is not mine."

"No, sir?" queried the man doubtfully. "Same label—same name, sir."

I turned cold. There was a label. It did bear my name, but it was in red ink!

"Yes, I see it is the same name," I said with forced calmness, "but I tell you it is not mine."

"Would you mind letting it remain here for to-night, sir?" he said. "There is no other gentleman of that name in the house, and it's mortal heavy."

What could I say? To refuse would but be to excite suspicion. And yet I could not pass the night with the cursed thing in the room.

However, before bedtime, I got them to let me have another apartment, explaining that I could not sleep in a room which faced the street, as I was out of health, and easily disturbed.

Happily there was a vacant bedroom looking to the back. True, it was about half the size, but I would not have cared if it had been too small to swing the traditional cat. I myself watched the removal of my traps from the one room to the other.

I retired early that night, for I was fatigued and overwrought, my faculties seemed numbed. I could hardly think consecutively. The newspapers seemed full of horrible murders. I fancied the other men in the coffee-room looked at me suspiciously.

When I reached my room, I closed and locked the door, and placed the candle on the dressing-table. As I caught sight of my face in the glass, I started violently, for, looking over my shoulder, I saw another face! It was Brisbane's. The wound in his forehead showed distinctly, his eyes were wide, and blue, and staring.

Trembling and sick, I turned my head. The room was empty, of course, but at the foot of the bed was—the brown portmanteau! I swore under my breath, and sank heavily into a chair.

Had the senseless fools not understood me when I said it was not mine? I gazed at it, fascinated. A horrible conviction came over me that it would open—that it was opening.

But I shook off this foolish fear, and, having lit another candle, threw myself on the bed, dressed as I was, and lay feverishly counting the hours until the day should break.

In the morning I started for Kinross. I had arranged to meet a friend of mine there—a Dr. Kendal, and we intended having a few days' fishing on Loch Leven, before going on to Loch Tay.

A sense of relief took possession of me as I drove away from the hotel, and left behind me for ever the horrible record of my crime. A new phase of feeling possessed me now. A passionate remorse for my irrevocable guilt seemed to swallow up all my former jealousy of poor Brisbane.

It could not be true that Jennie had so deceived me. I knew she loved me; for, indeed, I was not an unlovable fellow. Poor Brisbane, very likely he had imagined the whole thing. And I—I had murdered him!

But by the time I had got into the train my mind had wheeled round again, and my crime seemed not only justifiable but commendable. I ground my teeth as I thought of his insolent words.

Nevertheless, it was well I had taken such precautions, as the law might not take my view of the matter. As I thought how secure I was now from detection, I laughed aloud.

There were two ladies in the carriage with me. I saw them whisper together, and look at me with pale scared faces. They got out at the next station, and I was alone. I was beginning to dread my own company, and was thankful when the train reached Kinross.

At the hotel I found a telegram from Kendal to say he had been prevented from joining me—very sorry, etc. I ordered luncheon, but I could touch nothing. Then, almost mechanically, I took my rod and tackle, hired a boat, and went out on the loch.

I remained out as long as I possibly could, until it was quite dark and very cold. I had a good basket, I believe. I listlessly watched it weighed, then went up to the hotel. I was chilled to the bone, and deadly tired—tired with a horrible depressing lassitude—but not sleepy. My brain was singularly clear and active—my memory also. I could have written every detail of my life since childhood.

But I longed to rest my tired limbs. I ordered a glass of hot whiskey and water, and after drinking it off hurriedly took my candle and went upstairs. My room was No. 29, they told me. As I reached the door, a trim chambermaid passed. She stopped, and said civilly—

"Some more of your luggage came while you were out, sir. I had it brought up to your room."

"Some more of my luggage," I repeated; "what the——" But as I opened the door the words died upon my lips. For before me, grim, uncompromising, stood the brown portmanteau!

"Who brought this? When did it come? It is not mine!" I exclaimed violently.

The girl looked surprised.

"I don't know, sir. I'll inquire," she said, glancing at me curiously.

But on inquiry it proved that no one knew exactly how it had come, or when. But the hideous thing was there, unmistakably. What was the meaning of its inexplicable weird reappearance in this unaccountable way?

Would my crime thus pursue me, haunt me, for ever? I fancied—unreasonably, doubtless—that the people in the hotel looked at me strangely, and with suspicion, as I had fancied in Edinburgh on the previous day. It seemed to me that they must know what that ghastly thing contained, and I dared not ask to have it taken away.

I passed an unspeakably horrible night. My candles rapidly burned themselves out, and in the surging darkness I seemed to hear low indistinct mutterings, and fiendish mocking laughter; to feel a clammy hand touch me, and twine its fingers in mine.

As the dawn broke, I could have sworn I saw, in the faint uncertain light, shapeless, gruesome forms glide past the bed, featureless, save for wide, staring, gleaming eyes—Brisbane's eyes, always.

I rose early—long before the household was astir—as weak and shattered in nerves as though from months of wasting sickness. My own reflection in the glass startled me. As I was dressing, I remembered that I had promised Jennie the day before I left home (years ago, it appeared to be) to write and wire to her from Edinburgh.

I had done neither. However, I went out and despatched a wire as soon as I was dressed, to say I should leave for Edinburgh by the first train, and arrive in London in the morning. Another night like the last would make me a raving maniac for life. I had a confused idea, too, that at home, with Jennie, my terrible secret would be easier to bear.

In the bright clear sunshine of the following morning I reached London. I had travelled all night, taking care to select a carriage with several other occupants.

I reached Connaught Square shortly before nine. Parks looked at me insolently as he admitted me, or I fancied so. Jennie was crossing the hall as I entered. Her face was pale and almost stern.

"I expected you sooner, George," she said, as she led the way to the library, where breakfast was laid. "I wired you to Edinburgh two days ago to come home. And some of your luggage came last night," she added, as I followed her into the room.

"Some of my luggage!" I gasped. "What came?" But before she answered, I knew. Yes, there it was! My blood ran cold. It had come quicker than I had!

A deadly faintness came over me. I staggered to a chair, and, leaning my elbows on my knees, covered my face with my hands. Jennie looked alarmed.

"George, what is it? Are you ill?" she said hastily.

"Yes," I muttered. "I have been very ill since I left home. Give me some brandy."

She brought it to me. Then she said—

"Did you not get my wire?"

"No," I answered heavily. "Why did you wire?"

"George," she answered, and her voice sounded hard and strained—"George, something very strange has happened. Harold Brisbane has disappeared!"

"Has he?" I said stupidly.

"Yes. His sister sent round the day you left to know if he had been here. And Parks says he let him in shortly before twelve on Tuesday night, and—he did not let him out again. He has never been seen since!"

There was a pause. Then I recovered myself with a start.

"I saw him out," I said, carefully avoiding her searching eyes. "He left me at about a quarter past twelve." (Never, even in the whole course of a successful parliamentary career, had I told so many flagrant lies as I had during the past few days.)

At my wife's next words my heart almost stood still.

"Did he go without his hat and coat, George?" she said in a low clear voice, while her eyes met mine with the gaze of an accusing angel.

I started, and felt the color leave my face. Oh, fool, fool! With all my care, had I forgotten that damning evidence? My lips moved, but no sound came from them.

"George!" she went on, with a terrible fear and horror in her voice. "George! What have you done with him?"

I met her eyes then, recklessly, defiantly. Jennie suspected me!

"What is that to you, madam?" I returned fiercely. "What is he to you? Dare you answer me?"

"Yes, I dare!" she answered, with a wild, bitter cry. "He was the man I loved!" She threw up her arms and fell; and as she fell, one arm flung itself over the devilish portmanteau, with its ghastly secret.

They took her away, and I sat silent and brooding in my chair. Some one came to remove the breakfast things. I had not eaten, as I had not slept, for days. But to eat with it in the room—I could not.

The day passed. I had not moved. Afternoon came—then night. I rose mechanically, and lit the lamp; the fire had gone out, and darkness meant madness. Then I locked the door, and took out my revolver.

What was left but that? Nothing. A felon's death should never be mine. As I took the weapon from its case I heard again, distinctly, the low chuckling laugh I had come to know so well.

Heavens! the portmanteau was unstrapped—unlocked; it was slowly opening! I shuddered—sickened. If it opened any further I felt I should go mad. Suddenly I heard the tramp of feet in the hall, the confused murmur of many voices.

The door was tried, shaken violently. Then blow after blow resounded on the panels. My hands shook, lights danced before my eyes. Where were the cartridges? Ah, I had found them. I should have to be quick, though. The door was yielding. In another moment with a loud crash it had given way.

I saw a blurred mass of figures and faces; heard harsh, rough voices, and with a wild laugh I hastily loaded the revolver and raised it to my forehead. In a moment it was struck from my hand. It fell, and exploded as it reached the ground. My arms were pinioned behind me. I struggled fiercely—

But what was this? Who was before me? Had my brain given way at last? I stared wildly round me. The officers of justice had disappeared, the fire was burning cheerily, and a genial voice was saying—

"Why, Talbot, old man, hope I haven't disturbed you! Taking forty winks, eh?"

Reader, have you ever been tossed about, shipwrecked, on some frail spar for weary torturing hours, and at last, when you had given up all hope, caught sight of a sail bearing down upon you? Have you ever returned from desolate exile to behold once more the dear home faces you never expected to see again?

Have you ever, after days of parching thirst in the cruel desert, laid your burning lips, to the cool, clear waters of a long-sought spring? If you have ever done any of those things you may have a faint, only a faint idea of what my feelings were, as I stood, giddy, stupid, incredulous!

For it was Brisbane's voice! And Brisbane himself stood before me—no mouthing sceptre—no horrible haunting corpse—but debonair, smiling, alive!

I paused one moment to assure myself that I was not mad, but only awake. Then, with a muttered fervent thanksgiving, I wrung that man's hand as heartily as a few hours ago I would have rung his neck, and ejaculated in tones that shook in spite of myself—

"Upon my word, I am glad to see you!"

If ever I spoke the truth I spoke it then.

THE MAKING OF CHAINS.—The first operation is the making of the links. The material comes in coils, each containing from eighty to one hundred and twenty feet of round iron rod, which is of uniform diameter and of various sizes, corresponding to the different styles of chains.

A piece of this wire is placed in the groove of a powerful machine, the wheel is started, a twisting motion imparted, and the iron comes forth in a spiral roll, looking as the outer strand of a rope might if separated from the component parts.

The groove into which the iron is pressed, and the spindle-like arrangement about which the coil is formed, make the coil exactly uniform throughout, the links being the same distance apart, and of the same size. The machine does its work rapidly; but little time is consumed in converting the eighty or more feet of rod into shape for chain links.

The next step in the manufacture of a chain is the cutting of the links. The spiral coil goes from the hands of the first workman to another who places it in a long sheet-iron trough, suspended as high as a man's head, one end being considerably lower than the other.

One end of the coil is then submitted to the operation of the cutting machine, which at a single blow strikes off enough of it for a chain link. The machine is regular and rapid in its motion. The workman has only to hold the iron in position, and from two hundred to two hundred and seventy-five links are cut every minute. They drop into a spout, and roll therefrom into a small cart, which is hauled away when full to the welding department.

So far all the work has been done without the agency of heat, but the chain cannot be completed without the agency of fire. The final operation is welding the links together. Standing beside a furnace in which a hot natural gas fire is blazing, the workman seizes a piece of the white-hot metal with his tongs, places it on a die, and putting his foot on a treadle causes a spring hammer to descend, giving shape to the link.

Two other turns and two more blows of the hammer, and the link is completely formed and welded together. Another piece is then taken from the fire, and the open end deftly slipped around the link just formed. It is then operated upon just as the first link was; another is added, then another; the chain is growing rapidly,—so fast, indeed, that two feet or more of it has been finished before the red glow has died out of the first link welded.

Of the small chain, which the workman is now making, the welding of three thousand links is considered a good day's work. More can be made of a smaller size, and less of a larger. It is hot and noisy work.

A Man of Rank.

BY L. C.

"THEN you are at home, Eva, and you are neither ill nor busy!" exclaimed Camilla Dunford, in an aggrieved tone, as she came into Mrs. Penley's drawing-room, and found it tenanted solely by Mrs. Penley's pretty daughter. "I expected to find you in bed, and all the household weeping round you, you spoiled child!—or else stitching your hardest for some bazaar or other."

Eva, who had been standing near the bay-window, peeping through the curtains, came out of their folds to greet her visitor, but went back to them as soon as she had said, half-pettishly:

"What nonsense, Cam! Cannot one spend a morning quietly at home, without a fuss being made?"

"I am not going to fuss over you, so be pacified; only, if staying indoors in the loveliest of weather is so very enjoyable, you may as well let me share your enjoyment. Does it consist of peeping out, unseen yourself, at the more commonplace folk who are making the most of the sunshine?"

"Nonsense," said Eva, again. "I stayed at home because—well, because I did not want to go out."

"A very convincing reason. Have you been studying 'Mills on Logic?' Query the second: Why did you not want to go out? Ever since our two families have been rusticating at Snellsea, you have been the first to suggest strolls on the beach, walks along the cliffs, and rambles to every point of interest within ten miles of these fishy little towns. And, if I am not mistaken, it was you who planned the visit to that old abbey from which—just as we were all ready to start—you excused yourself, no one knows why."

"But, dear Camille, you and your sisters could have gone without me."

"But, my dear Eva," was promptly retorted, "it was not a question of what I and my sisters could do, but what my brother would do. You know, without my telling you, that Phil would not care to go to the abbey if you were not of the party."

"I am sorry; I did not intend to spoil your pleasure. The truth was—that is to say, the truth is—I—I——"

But this one particular truth was not easily told; and the young lady, in much embarrassment, was making another effort to explain herself, when the latch of a gate clicked on the other side of the road.

The sound was distinctly audible, for the window, veiled with gay flowering plants, was wide open; and, simple though it was, the circumstance seemed to have an electrical effect on Eva Penley, for she blushed, stammered, and, suddenly becoming silent, resumed her watch at her post of observation.

"Is there anything to be seen?" demanded the straightforward Camilla. "If so, let me have a look at it, as well as you."

"Oh, hush, pray!" her friend entreated. "Remember that the window is open, and do not speak so very loud! He—someone—might hear you."

"He? Do you mean my brother? But Phil did not come with me. No, no; instead of cooling his heels in the garden till your ladyship deigned to be gracious and show yourself, he has—very wisely, I think—accepted the offer of some young fellows he knows, and gone out for a sail."

"Yes!" said Eva, absently, her eyes still fixed on the door of a villa on the opposite side of the road. "I daresay he will find it very pleasant."

"No, you don't," cried the provoked Camilla, giving her a little shake. "Contrary creature that you are! You know, or ought to guess, that Phil has gone off sulky and dissatisfied. Why are you treating him so oddly? Is it possible that, after giving him so much encouragement, you have suddenly discovered that you do not like him well enough to join hands and go through life as his partner? Or has he contrived to offend you?"

"Certainly not. I have had no quarrel with your brother," declared Eva. "We are the best of friends."

Why did she lay so much emphasis on the last word in this sentence?

Camilla was about to insist on further explanation, when she was silenced with another "Hush!" and Eva beckoned her friend to draw nearer.

"Do you see him?" she whispered.

Camilla stood on tip-toe to peep over her shoulder.

In her care not to be detected, Eva was holding the folds of the curtains so closely together that it was only through a narrow slit that a glimpse of the outer world was to be obtained.

"Yes, I suppose I see him. You mean that lad with a barrow, don't you? He is taking home baskets of clean clothes. Is he one of your *protegees*?

"How ridiculous!" muttered Eva. "Of course I did not mean that awkward boy. Look across the road at the porch of Mrs. Dobbins' villa."

"Ah! yes; that lovely clematis. I stopped the other day to tell her I quite envied her, but the selfish old thing did not offer me a bunch of the flowers."

"Isn't it the clematis?" she went on, when Eva shook her head, angrily. "But you cannot possibly mean the man just coming out of the porch with a bathing-towel over his shoulder—the lodger? What can you see in that insignificant-looking fellow?"

"Dear Cam," was the whispered reply, "he is here *incognito*—he is a nobleman, an earl. Don't smile in that incredulous manner, for it is quite—quite true!"

"And if it is—what then?" retorted Miss Dunford. "He is not on our visiting-list. But, I beg your pardon," and she retreated from the window, "he may be on yours. I saw his upward glance as he passed by."

"I have never spoken to him!" cried Eva, vehemently, "and he cannot have an idea that I feel any interest in him, for I have been most prudent, most cautious."

"Then you do feel an interest in him. This is news for Phil, isn't it—delightful news!"

"If you choose to be mischievous, you can repeat to your brother what I have said; but in justice to me, please add that I have too much common-sense to fancy I should ever be sought in marriage by a peer of the realm."

"I do not believe that he is an earl," said Camilla, dogmatically. "Men of rank do not take apartments in little eight-roomed villas in obscure seaside towns like Shellsea. They go to hotels at Brighton or Scarborough."

"In ordinary cases, yes; but this is not an ordinary case. He—the earl, I mean, has been feeling overwrought with the business of the House, and has come down here to be quiet and take a thorough rest."

"Couldn't he have had that at his own castle? I suppose he has one or two somewhere about. Or gone on a voyage in his yacht; earls always have yachts, don't they? Or taken a tour, or done something more lordly, than lodging at Mrs. Dobbins' and regaling on the greasy mutton chops and tough steaks she sets before her victims? We rented her rooms three seasons ago, so I speak from experience."

"Perhaps," said Eva, "the earl is too much absorbed in matters of more importance to take notice of petty discomforts. Mrs. Dobbins told our landlady last evening that he leaves everything to her."

"What a nice little bill he will have at the end of the week," murmured Camilla, but her friend went on without noticing the interruption.

"He told her his stay was uncertain; he might be recalled to town at any moment, for an eventful crisis was at hand, and he would have to take the reins. But then he stopped, as if he felt that he was saying too much. He writes and receives an immense number of letters."

"Bah! he is only some foreign conspirator; a Fenian or Nihilist, or some other dreadful creature from the Continent. Mrs. Dobbins must take care he doesn't blow her up."

"My dear Camilla, he is an English nobleman; how can you impute such shocking things to him?"

"But how do you know he is an earl?" asked Miss Dunford, incredulously. "Has he given Mrs. Dobbins any references? No? I thought not."

"Indeed he did! He referred her to his banker; and more than that, he paid in advance for his rooms, telling her frankly that, to enable him to avoid receiving or returning visits, he should call himself Mr. Smith. You know, Camilla, they all resort to the same plan. Even the Queen travels under another name, and prefers to be known simply as the Countess of Rothesay."

"He does not look like an earl," Camilla persisted.

"He has his title printed on his cards," Eva told her. "I know this is true, for Mrs. Dobbins found his card-case on the table one morning, and peeped into it."

"Well," queried Miss Dunford, looking steadily at her friend, "we will suppose that he is an English nobleman; but if so, what is it to us? We do not want to make the acquaintance of a man who is not in the same position as ourselves."

"Perhaps not; but it is the first time we have come in contact with a peer of the realm, and——"

"And it flatters our vanity to see that he admires us—eh, Eva? How very much gratified my brother will be when he knows that you broke faith with us and spoiled our morning that you might stand at your window and exchange glances with Mrs. Dobbins' lodger!"

The blood rushed into Eva's cheeks.

"You speak as if I had given Mr. Philip Dunford a right to dictate to me!"

"So you have morally, for you have accepted attentions which Phil would not have paid had he suspected that you were a flirt."

"You are impertinent, Camilla, and unjust. I refuse to be lectured by you."

"This is tantamount to saying, Go away and leave me to my dream of my earl," said Miss Dunford, rising. "I can do so. When you are the peeress of this mysterious peer we will renew our intimacy—till then, adieu, Miss Penley. My compliments to your mamma."

Eva cried with vexation when her hot-tempered friend had departed, and debated ruefully whether Philip would take the same view of her conduct as his sister was doing.

She did not want to lose her lover, for Phil Dunford was a manly, energetic fellow, with excellent prospects; and Mrs. Penley, who was in bad health, had said more than once that she should be quite content to leave her daughter in such good hands.

But it was no use attempting to deny it, Eva was immensely flattered by the admiring looks cast upon her by her opposite neighbor.

It was true that they had not spoken, but Mrs. Dobbins had betrayed that he had made several inquiries respecting the young lady with the magnificent auburn hair; and only the previous evening, when the wind tore from her hands the papers she was carrying, the earl, then smoking a cigar in the porch, had vaulted over the low palings and restored them to her with a smile and a bow that had haunted her ever since.

"Where are your young friends, my dear?" asked Mrs. Penley, when a couple of days elapsed and she missed the interchange of notes and visits, and saw that her daughter looked pale and dispirited. "Is anything amiss?"

"Not much, mamma," and Eva spoke as cheerfully as she could. "Camilla and I have had a wrangle, that is all."

"And Philip? He has not been here since last Monday."

"I suppose he is waiting till I express my penitence and ask to be forgiven. Don't worry yourself, mamma, I am quite content with your society."

"You are losing your color, my love, and your spirits," replied Mrs. Penley, anxiously. "I cannot have you penned in-doors so closely."

"I drove with you yesterday," she was reminded.

"But that is not enough. Remember what long walks you have been in the habit of taking. You must go out this afternoon. I am quite well enough to spare you for a couple of hours or longer."

Eva would fain have continued to seclude herself, for she could not go down to the beach or into the town without passing the house occupied by the Dunfords.

Some one or other of Camilla's young brothers and sisters would be sure to catch sight of her and spread the news, and it was difficult to decide which would be the more galling—to be treated like a wayward child, and graciously taken into favor again, or to be allowed to go her way as if she were a stranger.

Eva would have avoided either alternative by confining herself to the back garden but there was a prescription to be made up at the chemist's; and Mrs. Penley having on one occasion narrowly escaped poisoning, was always nervously anxious that her daughter should oversee the mixing of the various drugs.

However, Eva contrived to defer her walk till twilight, the hour when the Dunfords were gathered together for their evening meal, and it might be possible to slip by unnoticed.

This she contrived to effect, and ought to have congratulated herself but alas! for the waywardness of woman! instead of rejoicing in her success, she cried behind her veil as she took her lonely way back to her mother's apartments.

Perhaps Philip had returned to London or transferred his attentions to one of those odious, simpering Miss Smithsons, or——

But now Eva's heart began to beat faster, for a manly step was coming up behind her. It drew nearer. Was it Phil's?

Involuntarily she turned and found herself face to face with the earl.

Before she could overcome her confusion he was addressing her, beginning with respectful apology for the liberty he was taking, but adding that having just been recalled to town by his colleagues, he had not time to obtain a proper introduction.

Trembling from head to foot, Eva stood and listened because she felt incapable of proceeding.

From the neat little card case Mrs. Dobbins had described he extracted a card and put it into her limp fingers.

"It isn't quite the thing, I know," he said, "to trouble a young lady with details of one's own affairs, but how can I help it? I have always been an ambitious man, Miss Penley, aiming to climb to the top of the tree. For some years I have represented the firm of Bookson and Bookson, wholesale drapers, but could find no scope for my energies in the rag trade. So I have been looking out for other opportunities and turned inventor. I am not fatiguing you?"

'Certainly not!' murmured his bewildered, but curious auditor.

"I saw that there was an opening for something new in the macassar-oil line, and with the aid of a perfumer, who goes in with me, and a friend who will supply the cash if we find the brains, I am going to astonish the world with a new preparation for the hair. We shall advertise it tremendously; it has cost me a fortnight to evolve a taking title, and now we intend to embellish our advertisements with the photographs of some lady endowed with luxuriant tresses which have received additional beauty from our preparation."

"And you propose to ask me for my photograph? Mine!"

"I have seen you twice coming from bathing with your auburn hair hanging loose, and was seized at once with the conviction that such tresses, and, excuse me, such a face——"

But Eva stayed to hear no more. With a hasty "No, sir, it is impossible!" she fled, never stopping till she found herself in her mother's sitting-room.

Mrs. Penley was not alone; Philip Dunford was sitting with her; and Eva sank into a chair, almost hysterical with conflicting feelings.

Her lover saw that something was the matter, brought her a glass of water, and picked up the card she had let fall.

"Tomkins," he read. "Oh, you have promised to become one of the purchasers of Tomkins' patent hair invigorator, eh? I had a chat with him in the reading-room last evening; not a bad sort of a chap. Told me all his aspirations. He seems to be up to every dodge for gulling the public."

"Mrs. Dobbins said he was a nobleman," stammered Eva.

"Foolish woman! His name is Joseph Earle Tomkins; that is all. Now, tell me, darling, what have you and Cam been disputing about. Nothing very serious, I hope. I could not come to you sooner for I have been knocked up with a wretched cold, and spent yesterday in bed."

Eva did make confession, but not then; and to this day she shudders and averts her head whenever she sees on a boarding those brilliant advertisements of Earle Tomkins' wonderful discoveries that recall the time when she believed him to be a member of the aristocracy.

THE COLONEL'S YARN.—Colonel Wintersmith listened with apparent good-natured disgust to some of the snake stories which a few youngsters were trying to crowd down his throat the other evening.

As yarn after yarn was unwound by the enterprising narrators the colonel seemed to get restless, until finally he broke out with—

"That's all right boys, but the worst of your snake stories is they are not——"

"Well, suppose you tell us one that is absolutely true," suggested one of the company.

"I will," said the colonel, promptly.

And then he told how he found himself travelling one hot summer afternoon along a cart road cut through miles and miles of underwood, somewhere in Texas, we believe.

Suddenly his pony stopped, and he was very nearly thrown over the animal's head.

"I got off," the colonel went on to say, "looked about to see what was the matter, and soon found, about a rod ahead, a huge rattlesnake asleep across the roadway, his head down the slope on one side and his tail in the gutter on the other. I tried to make the pony jump the snake, but he wouldn't budge. There wasn't a stone or stick big enough to handle in sight, and I had no firearms. I was in a pickle, but I couldn't go back, and didn't like to stay where I was. However, while considering the situation, I saw away ahead on the further side of the rattler a sapling such as is used to bind hay upon a rick. Hitching my pony to the brush I stepped back so as to get a good start, took a running jump, leaped over the snake, ran to the sapling, grabbed it with both hands, ran, swinging it over my head, back to his slumbering snakeship, and whacked him right across the head, breaking it at once——"

Here the colonel took a long breath and something else besides. The company looked disappointed.

"Is that all?" someone asked.

The colonel cast a look of withering contempt upon the youth, adjusted his gold-rimmed spectacles, and then continued—

"Yes, breaking it at once. And, hang me, gentlemen—you may believe me or not—if I didn't discover that my sapling was the snake's mate, and—"

"Oh, colonel! Come, now, that's a little too—" came in chorus.

"And that," went on the colonel, not in the least disturbed, "and that the same blow had killed it also."

After that nothing remained for the company to do except to break up.

A PERSONAL REASON.—The Duke de Roclore the favorite with and buffoon of Louis XIV., was in his person far from agreeable; his countenance was rather forbidding, and his figure ill-shaped.

Another nobleman whose figure was even inferior to that of Roclore, having killed his antagonist in a duel, applied to the duke for his interest and protection, knowing it was the only channel through which he could obtain a pardon.

The duke readily engaged in his friend's interest, and fairly rallied the king into compliance.

After the king had finished a fit of laughter, and given his royal promise, he inquired of Roclore what could possibly make him so strenuous in his intercession.

"I will tell your Majesty," said the facetious duke: if he had suffered, I should have been the ugliest man in all France."

THE leader of some California robbers allowed a clergyman he was about to plunder to keep his money and valuables, on the promised condition that he would pray the worth of them for the band and its chief.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

A French scientist recently sewed the tip of a rat's tail into its back, and it, the tail, immediately took root in its new position. Then he cut the loop thus formed by the tail, and the rat had two tails. He has found, however, that as a rule, the new tail has no sensation. All this may be interesting to him, but it can't be relished very much by the rat. Even for the sake of science, it is hardly likely that he would consent to have one of his hands sewed into his back and kept there till it took root. There are evidently tigers in scientific laboratories as well as in Indian jungles.

It may be news to some Americans, even though they know that peaches are commonly cultivated under glass in England, to be told that cherries are also grown in this manner. When the trees are started into growth, a temperature of 45° by day and 40° by night is maintained. When they are in flower plenty of air is given, and the bees are encouraged to work among the blossoms as much as possible. Scarcely any fire heat is employed; indeed it had been employed only once or twice in order to keep out the frost. At the time of flowering plenty of ventilation is given top and bottom. A good watering is given to the trees before they get into flower, and then water is applied with moderation until the fruit has set.

A curious accident which had a fatal termination, befell M. Boutet, an artist residing in Paris, the other morning. M. Boutet was working in his studio, when, inconvenienced by the sun, he asked a domestic to get on the roof and pass a light linen covering over the glass. As the woman was arranging this awning she slipped, and falling through the glass, alighted on the table at which her master was seated. Oddly enough, she sustained no injury worth mentioning. M. Boutet, however, was not so fortunate. A piece of the broken glass struck him on the neck, severing an artery. He tried to stop the blood, and falling, ran out of the house in the direction of a neighboring druggist's shop, but he fell down fainting ere he reached the place, and two hours afterwards he breathed his last.

According to a recent publication of the Statistical Bureau at Berlin four fifths of the steam machinery in the world has been constructed within the last twenty-five years. France has 19,500 boilers, 7000 locomotives and 1700 ship boilers; Austro-Hungary, 1200 boilers and 2100 locomotives. In the United States the steam machinery, exclusive of locomotives, has 7,500,000 horse power; in England, 7,000,000; in Germany, 4,500,000, in France, 3,000,000; in Austro-Hungary, 1,500,000. There are some 105,000 locomotives, with 3,000,000 horse power, in the world. All the steam machinery in the world possesses 46,000,000 horse power. The one-horse power of a machine operated by steam is equivalent to the strength of three ordinary horses, and the strength of an ordinary horse is equivalent to the combined strength of seven men. From all this the Statistical Bureau at Berlin draws the conclusion that steam machinery does the work of 1,000,000,000 men or twice the working population of the globe.

A native writer, in a series of articles on the rising generation in Japan, says that the young reformers agree that there must be a new moral system for that country, and that it must harmonize with the spirit and aim of modern civilization; but they are divided on the question whether it shall be the Christian system of morality or that which is based on science and philosophy. The writer goes on to say: "That in recent years a wonderful change has taken place in our attitude toward Christianity is now a well-known fact, and need not be dwelt upon here. Only, however, within the last two or three years—or, in other words, since the awakening of the rising generation—has the new creed become a vital element of the nation's civilized life. Its influence is now felt through the rising generation, not only by reason of the fast increasing number of young converts, but also, and perhaps to a greater extent, by means of the creation of a powerful literature, thoroughly imbued with Christian spirit."

"We are threatened with a new dog," observes the *Pall Mall Gazette*. "Indeed, the threat is now more than a year old, and we will very soon have the dog very plentiful. As yet he's a rarity, fashionable and expensive, beginning to be recognized at dog shows, but not making any sensible impression on the dog loving Londoner. He's a Dalesman, with a long mane, a short body and a sharp bark, a head like a pig, big ears and no tail. It does not sound inviting in the way of description. When the present century was in its teens and steam in its infancy the canal boats in the Low Countries did much of the passenger traffic. People lived on them, doing their journeying in a leisurely fashion. The wear and tear was slight and the food excellent. Then came the railways. The bargees lost the society of the traveling community and became taciturn. They took up with dogs, and this dog was the favorite. Such is the legend. He is called a schipperke, and it is from the canal boats of the Netherlands that he comes to us to make his bark in a London drawing-room. He is said to be dead on rats, cleanly and affectionate."

Our Young Folks.

GOOD FORTUNE.

BY R. H.

I DARESAY that some of you have visited those quaint old Dutch cities and villages which artists love to paint and look at.

For my own part I think there is something very endearing in the land of windmills and canals, and something very attractive in the Dutch people themselves, brave descendants of the brave men who, with unfailing courage, fought against Nature herself, and won the battle; and then fought another battle for freedom and independence from the Spanish yoke—and won that too.

Well, your history books can tell you all about that, but I want to tell you about a young artist who was staying a few days in Delft, and wandered out one summer's morning hoping to find some quaint pretty bit of scenery of which to make a quaint pretty picture. He was poor, but full of courage and hope.

It was all he could do to find money for this Dutch trip, but he had a mother who loved him and had taken thought for him, and when he hesitated about going she put into his hands her own little hoard of savings, and she would take no denial from him.

So he started off, determined to paint a great many pictures.

But you know it is one thing to paint pictures and quite another to sell them; and somehow or other, when money is wanted it does not come gliding in like the barges that come gliding down the canals.

The young man was thinking of this as he walked along on the road to Maanderhuizen, a small village near Delft.

He was wondering whether he should ever be a successful artist, or whether after all he should be amongst the sad crowd of those for whom there is no work, when his fancy was taken by the sight of this little village before him.

So he settled down on his camp stool and arranged his great white umbrella over him to screen him from the fierce sun, and he took out his drawing-block and his paints.

He looked rather like a mushroom under that great white umbrella—not like an ugly toadstool, mark you, for Owen Grant was not ugly: on the contrary, he had a good looking and friendly face.

There was a farmhouse just at hand, and some women were washing clothes in the canal which separated one field from another, and there was a windmill some little way off, and some masts of barges in the distance.

Well, it was only a simple scene, but it pleased Owen Grant, and he began work in real good earnest.

Suddenly he heard footsteps, and, looking up, saw the dearest little Dutch maiden in the world coming towards him.

She had a basket on her left arm. With both chubby hands she was clasping her doll to her heart, and resting her little chin on Dolly's head.

She wore a dark dress, of course bunchy like all Dutch dresses are, for in Holland the good folk think the wider you are the prettier you are! She had a long, stiff apron over her dress; her sleeves were short, displaying plump little arms.

Her wonderful cap kept most of her hair well hidden out of sight; two great brass ornaments on either side of her head, and a string of large beads round her neck, testified that she was not a poor peasant's little girl.

There was something so confiding in her manner that the artist, who was delighted with her appearance, smiled her a greeting.

"Good morning," he said pleasantly, in Dutch—he knew a little of the language, and he liked to make use of it whenever he could.

"Good morning, mynheer;" she answered, gazing first at his painting and then at his great white umbrella; and perhaps she would have passed on her way to the farmhouse beyond, but that he felt he could not let her go, for she had quite won his heart.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Yanaje, mynheer," she answered, smiling at him.

Then clasping dolly nearer to her heart she added in a confiding tone—

"Dolly is called Kaatje."

"And you love her?" he asked.

"Ya, mynheer," she said proudly. "Ah, will mynheer draw dolly for me? Dolly is so pretty."

He was delighted with her request. He took a clean piece of paper and made a sketch of Kaatje then and there.

"What do you think of that, Yanaje?" he said, showing it to her.

"Mynheer is good," she answered, clapping her hands with glee. "Oh, I am happy. And that is for me, mynheer?"

"Yes, Yanaje," he said, as he put the piece of paper into her basket. "That is for you. Not every dolly has her picture taken."

"No," she answered triumphantly; "but Kaatje is beautiful, isn't she?"

But he looked at her little face and figure and thought she was sweeter than all the dolls in the world, and the idea seized him to make the little village of Maanderhuizen just a background, and to paint a picture of Yanaje, even as she stood near the high thistles with her basket on her left arm, and her doll clasped in her chubby hands.

"I have drawn Kaatje," he said, "now I should like to draw Yanaje. Where do you live, little one?"

She pointed to the farmhouse near at hand.

"That is my home, mynheer," she said.

It was too hot a morning to keep her standing in the sun, although he would have liked to begin to paint her portrait at once.

He thought it would be better to go to her home and ask her mother, the farmer's wife, if he might come one day and make a picture of the little Yanaje.

"Can I see your mother, Yanaje?" he said.

"Ya, mynheer," she answered, and she put out her hand quite naturally and led him along the road, chatting to him as if she had known him all her little time; for he had a wonderful way with children, and had always been known as the children's friend.

He could not understand all she said, for his Dutch, like his money, was limited! But he laughed and she laughed at his mistakes, and they soon came to the farmhouse.

She left him just outside by a straight line of fir-trees, and went to fetch her mother, to whom she must have given a glowing account of the kind stranger; for the mother, a very big, bunchy, and wide edition of Yanaje herself, came smiling out to him, wished him "good morning," and asked him into the house.

He had never before been into a Dutch farmhouse, and he was quite delighted to see the bright brass pans and all the quaint blue Delft plates standing in a row over the mantel-shelf, and the queerest old oak furniture.

She was gratified to see his admiration, and nothing would satisfy her but that he must take a meal of potatoes and flounders which was already prepared, and which looked very tempting.

So he sat down to the table with Yanaje's mother and, of course, Kaatje; and summoning up his best Dutch, he explained that he wanted to take Yanaje's portrait, and that he would come every day, if he might, until it was finished.

"Certainly, certainly," said the mother, smiling with pleasure. "Mynheer shall come whenever it pleases him."

She was just as good-tempered as she was fat, and as hospitable as she was bunchy!

She took him all over the farm, and Yanaje walked by his side holding his hand.

She was so happy in her new friendship that she almost cried when mynheer had to say "good-bye."

But he kissed her little face and promised to come on the morrow: and I must tell you that she would not let anyone take away from her for a single minute that piece of paper on which he had drawn a picture of her beloved Kaatje.

And in her sleep that night she smiled and whispered, as though to Kaatje, who was lying by her side—

"Mynheer will come to-morrow."

He came to Maanderhuizen every day. Yanaje and Kaatje knew at what time to expect him, and they often ran out to meet him.

As for himself, he was very happy in his work, and very hopeful too; for he had a sort of feeling that this little Dutch maiden would somehow bring him good fortune.

And he thought that if he could only have one bit of fortune, another bit would surely follow—as is often the case.

And his hopes were not in vain, for the very day after he had completed Yanaje's picture and taken it to Delft, he sold it to an American gentleman, who was so pleased with the young artist's work that he bought four of his Delft pictures too, and paid him handsomely for all.

Really it did seem as if the little Dutch maiden had brought him good fortune; and he told her this when he went to see her.

"You dear little Yanaje," he cried as he took her in his arms and kissed her, "you dear little Yanaje, you have brought me good fortune."

He hugged her and Kaatje in turns; he would have liked to hug all Holland, he was so happy and grateful.

And when the time came for him to say "good-bye" to his Dutch friends he placed in their hands a copy of the picture which had brought him good fortune.

"Keep it always, Yanaje," he said, caressing her tearful little face, "and don't forget your English friend, will you? Good-bye, little one, I shall come again to Maanderhuizen. Good-bye, kleintje—little one."

She was only a little maiden, and perhaps she did not remember him for long: for when we are young we make new friends quickly, but when we are old we keep our fondest affection for those whom we have loved and known all our lives.

Now I will tell you about that young artist who painted Yanaje's portrait. He is a famous painter now, but he does not forget the farmhouse near Maanderhuizen, nor Yanaje, nor even Kaatje.

There is a picture in his studio which he loves better than all his other pictures. It is only the portrait of a Dutch girl.

But ask him her name and he will smile at once and say—

"That's the portrait of little Yanaje, dear little Dutch Yanaje, who first brought me good fortune."

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE has written the following letter to a "Band of Hope" connected with a church in Edinburgh, Scotland: "Don't think you can do anything worth doing in a fit of enthusiasm, but train yourselves carefully to do any work you are called on to do; and think nothing too small to do carefully, or to train carefully for, that is for the good of your fellow-creatures. For instance, good or bad cooking may make or mar the lives of thousands, and those, too, who are trying to do great things for our race. God sends us real and lasting enthusiasm—that is, the spirit of love and of power, and of a sound mind to carry us through our training and our discipline."

SOME FUNNY FOODS.

BY ARTHUR SOMERSET.

WHO would ever think of eating butterflies—of making a meal from the pretty insects that flit about the garden on a summer's day?

But the black men who live in Australia would laugh at the idea of taking pleasure in a butterfly's beauty, or of carefully preserving it in a glass case. To them the butterfly calls up thoughts of a time of great feasting and lazyness when there is plenty to eat and little to do, for this is the black Australian's idea of happiness.

There are some mountains in Australia that are called the Bugong Mountains, and on them, at certain times, great quantities of butterflies collect.

The natives flock from all the country round and light great fires, the smoke of which suffocates the little insects.

Then they are gathered and baked on the hot ground on which the fires were; they are sifted to get rid of the down and wings, and the plump little bodies are made into cakes which are said to have a sweet, nutty taste.

A certain African king who came to that country was one day, soon after his arrival, invited to a garden party. His host thought that he would give him something to eat unlike anything that he had ever tasted before, so brought him a strawberry ice.

"Isn't that good?" he asked the black man. "Yes, it am very nice," was the reply, "but did white man ever eat ants?"

The favorite food in his country consisted of white ants pounded up into a jelly and baked; and the strawberry ice was so very good that it reminded him of this delicacy.

White ants are eaten in some parts of Africa, a curry made of their eggs is a favorite dish in an Asiatic country called Siam, and in Mexico a kind of bread is made of ants' eggs.

The ugly little Bushmen of South Africa are very fond of roasted spiders, and a Japanese tribe called the Ainos live chiefly on a stew made of seaweed, slugs, fish, roots, berries, and mushrooms, with a soup in which a kind of clay, which is very much like putty, is mixed.

They were horrified at seeing an English lady who visited them put milk in her tea, and thought it very strange that anyone should like to spoil tea with a liquid that tasted so strong as milk.

The Chinese are funny people in many ways, but in none more so than in their fondness for soup made of sharks' fins and birds' nests.

The nests that are used for soups are not at all like those that we know: they are no thicker than a spoon, are about as big as a turkey's egg, and do not weigh more than half an ounce.

Thousands of Chinamen make their living by gathering and selling these queer little nests, and the finest sorts are very valuable, sometimes fetching two or three times their weight in silver.

These same people are also very fond of puppy-dogs fattened and roasted. A leg of dog is as common in their butchers' shops as a leg of mutton is in ours.

Many of you who have been to the Zoological Gardens will have seen crocodiles in the reptile-house there, and you must all have seen pictures of these ugly animals with their big jaws and cruel teeth.

Crocodiles do not look tempting food, but in countries where they are common the natives like their flesh, though the white men who have tried it say that it has an unpleasant musky taste.

In many hot countries lizards are eaten, but more curious still, their eggs. There is one very large kind of lizard called the iguana, which is considered a great delicacy. Its eggs are about as large as a pigeon's, with soft shells, and are eagerly sought for the table.

Iguanas are repulsive-looking things, rather like small alligators, but their ugliness does not prevent people in Africa, Australia, America, and Asia from feeding on them.

They are hunted so keenly that in many places where they used to be common they are getting quite scarce. A special breed of dog is kept for hunting them in the Bahama Islands.

I expect that most of you have been told how the Frenchmen eat frogs. They taste very much like chicken, and have lately become quite a favorite dish with our American gourmands; so who knows that they may not appear on our tables soon?

In France frog fishing is a favorite sport; the bait used to attract them is generally a piece of red flannel, and the sport is much more lively than angling for fishes, as there are always plenty of frogs ready to be caught.

The dealers in frogs want a quicker method of catching them than pulling them out one at a time with a rod and line, so they set to work in this way.

On a dark night they go out in small boats and provided with plenty of lights; the frogs come to the surface of the water, attracted by the glare, and are so dazzled that they let themselves be picked up with the hand in hundreds.

Whole nations in Africa live upon locusts, but it is said that these insects are not at all wholesome, and that the people who eat them never live to be old.

In Jamaica and the West India Islands several kinds of caterpillars are greedily eaten by the negroes.

Not long ago a gentleman wrote a little book which he called "Why not eat insects?"

He tells us how he has eaten and enjoyed grasshoppers, moths, cockchafers, wasp-grubs, snails, and numbers of other insects which it must have required great courage to taste for the first time.

In it he mentions some curious things. For instance he says that snails are tasteless raw, but when nicely cooked are excellent, and he states that from certain insects often found in wood can be made a sauce which is just as good as shrimp sauce.

Indeed I think that the man who first found out how nice shrimps are was just as brave as the writer of this book.

And now I will finish by telling you about the funniest food of all. This is clay.

People who live near the Magdalena river in South America are great clay-eaters, and when they are shaping vessels on the potter's wheel will often stop to put a bit into their mouths.

Other South American Indians lay up stores of balls of clay, which they roast and moisten before eating them. Some of these people are said to get through as much as a pound and a quarter of clay in a day.

QUEER KINDS OF MUSIC.—The credit of the invention of pig music belongs to the Abbe de Saigne, a great musician who supplied the court of Louis the Eleventh with many other curiosities in this way.

The ingenious abbe was one day asked by the king if he thought it possible to produce musical sounds from the cries of pigs.

The abbe thought it was possible, and received a grant of money from the monarch for that purpose.

With this money he proceeded to purchase a number of porkers, of different sizes and ages, and, after testing the pitch and quality of their voices, secured them fast, and arranged them in order in a large [illegible].

He further constructed a keyed instrument, furnished with a number of wires, tightly drawn, corresponding with the number of animals.

At that end of each wire which was inside the tent, and almost touching each pig, was a short, sharp spike, which, when moved by the action of the key, pricked the pig and made it squeak.

"By this means," says an old chronicler, "the abbe produced such harmony as to astonish the whole court."

That the cat has been pressed into the service of musical science appears from the account given by Juan Christoval, a Spaniard, of a procession which took place at Brussels at the fetes in honor of Philip the Second.

"The orchestra," says Christoval, "was upon a large car; in the middle sat a large bear, playing on a kind of organ—one not composed of pipes, as usual, but of twenty cats, separately confined in narrow cases, which they could not stir. Their tails protruded from the top, and were tied to cords attached to the keyboard of the organ; and accordingly as the bear pricked upon the keys, the cords were raised, and the tails of the cats were pulled to make them mew in base or treble tones, as required by the nature of the air."

Live monkeys and other animals danced to this strange music; and "although," continues the chronicler, "Philip the Second was the most serious of mortals, he could not refrain from laughing boisterously."

QUACKERY.—In Paris lately a physician was arrested for practising medicine without a diploma.

He had a large and lucrative practice, and at the trial several patients testified that they had been ordered by the defendant, as a cure for their ills, to hold a copper rod on their hands until it fell off; to stand on one leg, &c.

Such disclosures didn't unnerve the doctor in the least, and when asked what he had to say, to the great surprise of all, produced a diploma, showing he was a regularly graduated physician.

He then explained that for five years, after leaving college, he had vainly tried to make a living by regular practice. Then, to avoid starvation, he hit upon the quackery dodge, and made considerable money.

But now, that he had been obliged to show his diploma, the "trick" would work no longer, and he would be obliged to move to some other locality, where he would not be known as a regular physician.

THE BARBER'S POLE.—Barbers were formerly bleeders. Persons who are bled generally grasp a staff whilst the blood flows from the arm.

A representation of this staff was accidently the bleeder's sign; it was painted white, and red stripes round it, to be emblematic of streams of blood.

Thus, the striped staff became the emblem of the barber-surgeons, and was retained by the barbers after bleeding, cupping, &c., was generally relinquished by the fraternity.

NOW.

BY ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR.

Rise! for the day is passing,
And you lie dreaming on;
The others have buckled their armor,
And forth to fight have gone.

A place in the ranks awaits you,
Each man has some part to play—
The past and the future are nothing
In the face of the storm to-day.

Rise from your dreams of the future,
Of gaining some hard-fought field,
Of storming some air fortress,
Or bidding some giant yield.

Your future has deeds of glory,
Of honor God grant it may!
But your arm will never be stronger,
Or the need so great as to-day.

Rise! for the day is passing!
The low sound that you scarcely hear
Is the enemy marching to battle—
Arise! for the foe is here!

Stay not to sharpen your weapons,
Or the hour will strike at last,
When from dreams of a coming battle
You may wake to find it past.

AUTHORS AND VANITY.

Vanity is perhaps the most amusing of all weakness, but especially is this so when exhibited by men of intellect.

Comte Saint Simon, for instance, was a singular compound of energy and vanity, often laboring under absence of mind and forgetfulness of common-sense, which have made him liable to ridicule.

His disciples relate that he had scarcely reached his seventeenth year ere he had himself awakened every morning in these words:

"Arise, M. le Comte; you have great things to perform."

Of another Frenchman (Montaigne), Hallam, in his "Literature of Europe," says that this "vanity led him to talk perpetually of himself; and, as often happens to vain men, he would rather talk of himself than any foreign subject."

La Place, the great French astronomer, was exceedingly vain of the orders which had been presented to him for his scientific renown. He even had the Star of the Order of the Reunion affixed to his dressing gown.

Benvenuto Cellini, the poet, painter, sculptor, jeweller, warrior, universal genius in fact, was intensely vain, and when he wrote his "Memoirs" he committed an inconceivable vanity. He seems to have been in constant controversy with the world about his merits.

Like Goldsmith, he ever feared lest his "eminence" should get overlooked; and therefore "his instrumentation is marred by the preponderance of the brass."

He is always at the great trumpet, blowing for the bare life. Everybody who opposes him is wrong; and not only so, but as it were by the nature of the case, altogether evil minded and wicked. His unbounded confidence in his superiority over all his contemporaries is most ludicrous.

Some of the alleged doings are so absurdly impossible that the reader, weary of laughter, grows angry.

"The braggart," he exclaims, "was no doubt a great man in some things; but the greatest of all men in all things!—it is too much for belief or patience." As it is indeed.

Dr. Edward Chamberlayne was the author of "Angliæ Notitia; or the Present State of England," (1667), and of various writings religious and political, but of nothing calculated to raise the admiration of his fellow countrymen to any very high degree.

His vanity, however, was excessive. We read on his monument in Chelsea Church:

"He was so studious of doing good to all men, and especially to posterity, that he ordered some of his books, covered with wax, to be buried with him, which may be of use in times to come."

More than a century having elapsed, it was thought posterity might claim its own; and so the place of deposit of the intellectual treasures was opened.

But, alas! the labors of the seekers had been anticipated by Time, who had so injured the tomb that nooks and crannies were opened for the admission of air and moisture.

When the interior was examined scarcely a trace of the mystic volumes remained behind! What may we not have lost?

Similar to Dr. Chamberlayne was the Swede who wrote a treatise on the Swedish Constitution, and proved it to be indissoluble and eternal. Just as he had corrected the proofs of the last sheet, news arrived that Gustavus III. had destroyed this immortal Government.

"Sir," quoth the vain author, "the King of Sweden may overthrow the constitution, but not my book."

In 1641, Sir Richard Baker published his "Chronicle of the Kings of England from the Time of the Romans' Government unto the Death of King James"

This work, the author complacently declares, "was collected with great care and diligence that if all other of our chronicles were lost, his only would be sufficient to inform posterity of all passages memorable or worthy to be known."

M. Dumot, the celebrated jurisconsult of Geneva, has left an interesting sketch of Paine, the author of "The Age of Reason":

"His egregious conceit and presumptuous self sufficiency quite disgusted me. He was drunk with vanity. If you believed him, it was he who had done everything in America. He was an absolute caricature of the vainest of Frenchmen. He hinted that his book upon the 'Rights of Man' ought to replace every other book in the world; and he told me roundly that if it were in his power to exterminate every library in existence he would do it without hesitation in order to eradicate the errors they contained, and begin, with the 'Rights of Man,' a new chain of ideas and principles. He knew all his own writings by heart, but he knew nothing else."

"I like," wrote the Ettrick Shepherd, "to write about myself; in fact there are few things which I like better."

And this was literally true. In a long and entertaining memoir of himself, attached to an edition of "The Altrine Tales," every page is impressed with it; he never loses sight of the hero of the narrative.

Vanity took another shape with the Rev. Edward Young, the author of "Night Thoughts." He was extremely vain of his oratorical talents. On one occasion, when preaching at St. James', he perceived that it was out of his power to command the attention of his congregation, notwithstanding the grace and animation of his delivery; this so affected him that he sat back in the pulpit and burst into tears.

Queen Elizabeth, no mean author, was one of the vainest of the vain. When her wrinkles waxed deep and many, it is reported that an unfortunate Master of the Mint incurred disgrace by a too faithful shilling; the die was broken, and only one multilated impression is now in existence. Her maids of honor took the hint, and were thenceforth careful that no fragment of looking glass should remain in any room in the palace which she frequented.

Grains of Gold.

Forgive any sooner than thyself.

He that is angry is seldom at ease.

Conscience is the chamber of justice.

A bad workman quarrels with his tools.

A good word is as soon said as an ill one.

Content is the true philosophers' stone.

Constant occupation prevents temptation.

A coward never forgave. It is not his nature.

Good words cost nothing, but are worth very much.

It is a great part of wisdom sometimes to seem a fool.

A handful of good life is better than a bushel of learning.

The loss we parade our misfortunes the more sympathy we command.

Drunkenness is a pair of spectacles to see the Devil and all his works.

Characters never change. Opinions alter—characters are only developed.

Commonly we say a judgment falls upon a man for something in him we cannot abide.

Credulity is perhaps a weakness almost inseparable from eminently truthful characters.

A fig for intellectual eminence, if it makes a man oppress his inferiors and bully his equals.

There is no man so friendless but that he can find a friend sincere enough to tell him disagreeable truths.

Good-breeding is benevolence in trifles, or the preference of others to ourselves in the little daily occurrences of life.

Whoever appears to have much cunning has in reality very little; being deficient in the essential article, which is, to hide cunning.

Femininities.

A cup of strong coffee is an antidote for the odor of onions.

In characters, in manners, in style, in all things, the supreme excellence is simplicity.

"Has Charley a sister?" "No; but he is going to have one as soon as he proposes to me."

The more curious a woman is about her face, the more careless she commonly is about her house.

Well said. Dearest friend, in a tone of surprise: "Why, Sophy, what a pretty picture you take!"

A London paper advertises: "Lady wanted to draw, at home, original designs for coffin furniture."

The wife who can retain a sure hold upon her husband's heart will never have occasion to take a grip on his hair.

Men thoughtful of their looks generally wear soft felt hats. Notice how carefully-carelessly they press them at the top and either side.

Husband: "Darling, do you love me?" Wife, consulting watch: "Why, what a question, Reginald! We've been married only an hour and a half."

The best thing for the removal of blackheads is to steam the skin affected every second day, afterwards rubbing it vigorously with a rough towel.

Got "fits." Miss De Boy: "How does my new tailor-made costume fit?" Vinnie Gar, with enthusiasm: "Perfectly! Why it fits every angle!"

Smoothing irons are of late invention. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth and James I., large stones, inscribed with texts of Scripture, were used for ironing.

Bride: "George, dear, when we reach town let us try to avoid leaving the impression that we are newly married." "All right, Maude; you can lug this valise."

A gentleman from the country says that he has no objection to a decent cottage, but that he has a strong antipathy to houses which are Queen Anne in front and Mary Anne at the back.

The girls of Wellesley College made quite a success lately of a performance of "As You Like It," given exclusively by feminine performers. Not even in the audience was a masculine head to be seen.

It takes more of an exertion for some men to be good than for others. Did the church usher ever give you a seat directly in front of a man who couldn't sing, and who insisted on having you know it?

Miss Uppercrust, out shopping: "What a beautiful woman!" Mrs. Uppercrust: "Yes, but she evidently moves in some vulgar set or other. I just heard her ask the price of a bonnet before trying it on."

A little girl had been corrected by a mild punishment, and was asked if she would do as her parents wanted her to in the future. "Yes," replied the penitent, "but you mustn't ask me to do anything I don't want to do."

"What a pity you don't have looking glasses all along the walls—then one could see one's self as one went round, you know." "Why, miss, if you was to see yourself in a looking-glass just now you'd never get on a 'oss again!"

President Hunter, of the New York Normal College, who has taught both boys and girls in the schools, places it on record in his last annual report that the girls show an aptitude equal to if not greater than that of the boys for mathematics.

What shall it profit anyone if she discover the origin of species and know exactly how earth worms and sundews conduct themselves, if all the while she grow blind to the loveliness of nature, and is unable to lift her soul to the Divine and Eternal?

A tramp entered a boarding house in Exeter, N. H., on a recent Sunday, and attempted to carry off some clothing. The servant girl knocked him down with a broomstick, and then chased him from the house with a revolver. He was afterwards arrested.

What greater thing is there for two human souls than to feel that they are joined for life—to strengthen each other in all labor, to rest in each other in all sorrow, to minister to each other in all pain, to be one with each other in silent, unspeakable memories at the last parting?

No one can hurry through early and middle life, filling her days with exciting work, and much of her nights with exciting pleasures, and hope to enjoy a vigorous and valuable old age. Moderation, temperance, a calm mind and an unburdened conscience are the first essentials.

A wife wanted her husband to sympathize with her in a feminine quarrel; but he refused, saying, "I've lived long enough to know that one woman is as good as another, if not better." "And I," retorted the exasperated wife, "have lived long enough to learn that one man is just as bad as another, if not worse!"

"Mabel," said the young man bashfully, "do you know I think your mother is a wonderfully fine woman." "I am glad to know that she has won your esteem." "Do you think that I have succeeded in making a favorable impression on her?" "I don't know of any reason to believe the contrary. Why do you ask?" "I was only wondering." "Wondering what?" "Whether she could ever think enough of me to accept me for a son-in-law." And Mabel did her best to give him confidence.

Queen Victoria has so far relaxed the stringent rule against permitting divorced women to enter her presence that such as are themselves blameless who have obtained divorces from their husbands are no longer to be excluded from her court. This indulgence caused such a rush of ladies in this position at the last drawing-room that quite a number to whom this order gave the entree could not get the necessary permit, as the Queen insists upon personally investigating each case and reading the testimony in the divorce court to make sure that no improper person secures access to her presence.

Masculinities.

Don't value a gem by what it is set in.

Mr. Gladstone has had his portrait painted 35 times.

After young Bodkins had hugged his girl he called her strained honey.

"He thinketh no evil" is the inscription on Henry Ward Beecher's monument.

The body of Sir Thomas Dakin, ex-lord mayor of London, was buried in a paper coffin.

Husband: "I dreamt I died and went to heaven. Strange." Wife: "Yes, very strange, indeed."

Every man is in some sort a failure to himself. No one ever reaches the heights to which he aspires.

There are never too many flowers in this world, and not one kind word too many has ever yet been spoken.

A man's nature runs either to herbs or weeds; therefore let him seasonably water the one and destroy the other.

He knows very little of mankind who expects, by any facts or reasoning, to convince a determined party-man.

A wise man always keeps in mind that nothing in this world can retain its first freshness, beauty and significance.

Sin is to be overcome not so much by maintaining a direct opposition to it as by cultivating the opposite principle.

At once explained. Brown: "That young fellow seems to know more than you do." Jones: "No wonder; I'm his father."

There is no policy like politeness; and a good manner is the best thing in the world, either to get a good name or supply the want of it.

"Howton has some very strange ideas about dress." "You surprise me. Judging from his dress I imagined he had no ideas at all."

"There are three things," says Southey, "a wise man will not trust—the wind, the sunshine of an April day, and a woman's plighted faith."

A young man has a scrap book containing the marriage notices of all the women that he has loved, and he sits out in the moonlight and reads it and cries.

Self sacrifice. "Have you a cigar about you?" "No; I don't buy any now." "What! and why, then?" "Because I want to break you of the habit of smoking."

A hotel paper suggests that summer resort hotel proprietors should offer reduced rates to fine-looking, eligible young men in order to add to the attractions of the resorts.

Before offering yourself to the plump-looking Iroquois girl you flirted with last winter, perhaps it would be as well to wait until you see her on the beach this summer.

"Bill was very fond of his wife," said a Dakota man, speaking of a bereaved comrade. "I actually believe he thought as much of her as he did of his dog; it's a fine bird dog, too."

The public sentiment which talks is much opposed to pugilism, but way down in the heart of the silent element you will find the impression that a square, stand-up fight is not a bad thing.

"Bromley, it was lucky that newsboy found your wallet, wasn't it?" "Yes; it had 10,000 in it." "But you only gave the boy a 20 cent piece." "Why, bless my soul! I thought it was a quarter."

"So you would not take me to be 20?" said a young lady to her partner, whilst they were looking over some music together one evening. "What would you take me for, then?" "For better, for worse," replied he, and he was accepted.

The man who is busy working doesn't have time to read up on the subject of capital and labor, and the man who puts in his time reading on that subject doesn't have time to work. That's why no one reaches a complete comprehension of the difficulty.

Citizen, at Florists: "Have you any plants with bugs on them?" Florist: "No, indeed! I don't keep such things." Citizen, disappointedly: "I was in hopes you did. My wife never lets me smoke in the house except when there are bugs on the plants."

It is said that E. L. Harper, who wrecked the Fidelity Bank in Cincinnati, has been doing a profitable iron business of $30,000 a year while in prison. A joint stock company was formed through the efforts of his wife, and he directed its movements by telegraph.

"Your father is an easy, 'come-day, go-day' sort of a fellow, isn't he, Clara?" "Don't mistake him, George. I have had suitors before now who thought that of him, and who subsequently have been obliged to admit that he was a person of considerable push."

Why does the shoemaker wear old shoes and the tailor ill-fitting clothes? Why does the lawyer get into legal complications and the business man make a failure of business? That is one of the prize conundrums of the century, and, like the North Pole, has to be given up.

Young ladies who are married according to the old-fashioned ceremony falter a little now when they come to the word "obey." The latest dodge, however, is to repeat in indistinct tones and rapid manner, "Love, honor and be gay." Many a guileless youth gets fooled in this manner.

At the first symptoms of near sighted-ness spectacles should be worn. There is a great deal of popular prejudice against spectacles; but there are two good reasons why they should be worn, and only two. One is that we see better, and the other that the strain on the eyes may be relieved.

City man: "I should thing you would find life very dreary." Villager: "Here? I tell you this is a pretty lively place for its size." City man: "I shouldn't suppose, from the looks of things, that anything ever happened here." Villager: "That's where you are mistaken. Why, it ain't two weeks since we had an eclipse of the moon."

Recent Book Issues.

"Epitaphs"—a little book of the above title has just been issued by J. S. Clark & Co., of Louisville, Ky., for the use of those wishing to select epitaphs for monuments.

"A Lady of Louisiana" has written a novel which bears the singular title, "Clip Her Wings, or Let Her Soar." It is sufficiently florid to betray its Southern origin, and is interlarded with quotations from the poets. The tale is long but it has sufficient interest to hold the attention of those who like novels constructed on an old-fashioned model. Published by Mr. G. W. Dillingham, New York. For sale by Lippincott.

A little volume of poems, containing three books in one, is entitled, "A Triad," by George Arthur Hammond. The principal divisions are, The Lake of Tears, On the Strand, Dirges, Golden Circle; Krud Iverson, a dramatic sketch; Autumnal Musings, and The Loiterer. While the verse is rugged in places the spirit is very good and and pure while the imagery in many cases is marked by a very high degree of poetic taste, spirit and beauty. Published at Lahstock, Canada.

"His Wife or His Widow" is a novel by the author of "Hazel Kirke," in which a well worn subject is employed with a fair amount of skill. A comrade of a soldier who was believed to have been killed in the battle of the Wilderness, returns home and marries the wife of a friend. This leads to a great variety of complications, for the real husband turns up again and proves to be an utter scoundrel, while the other man is a model of all the virtues. Mormonism is introduced to give a sensational color to a plot in which the Danites figure in all their unredeemed wickedness. Published by Mr. G. W. Dillingham, New York. For sale by Lippincott.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

St. Nicholas for July has contributions by Dora Read Goodale, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Charles Barnard, and many other popular writers, and is profuse in clever and interesting illustrations. It is abundant in that entertainment and instruction for which this popular periodical provides with such unvarying felicity and good taste. The opening story deals with Revolutionary times, and following this is "Louisa and Resolute," the true story of a boy who walked from his home in Massachusetts to Washington and secured for himself, by personal application to President Lincoln, an appointment to Annapolis. Theodore R. Davis, the war artist, contributes a description, "How a Battle is Sketched," and there is a touching incident of the Revolutionary war, entitled "Laetitia and the Red Coats." Many other good things help make up the number—stories, serials, natural history papers, poems, jingles, etc.,—and the illustrations are numerous.

Claude Phillips contributes to *The Magazine of Art* for July an especially interesting paper, illustrated, on "The Plagiarism of the Old Masters." In the opening article in this number, the distinguished English painter, George Frederick Watts, under the heading, "More Thoughts on Our Art of To-Day," gives some most excellent advice to the art student. Charles Whibley has an interesting paper on "Portraits of Alexander the Great," with ten illustrations. There is a beautifully illustrated paper, on "Current Art." M. P. Jackson contributes a paper well worthy of perusal on "The Aim and Tendencies of Caricature"; an illustrated paper by Prof. J. E. Hodgson, on "Old Arts and Modern Thoughts," will interest the student. F. G. Stevens gives a careful study of Savonarola illustrated. The notable frontispiece of the number is a fine etching, by Mordant, of Rembrandt's famous painting, "A Family Portrait." Much discussion has taken place as to who are represented in this beautiful group of father, mother and three children. Published by Cassell & Co., New York.

The chapters of the Lincoln Life in the July *Century*, relate to Lincoln's renomination, the Wade-Davis Manifesto and Horace Greely's Peace Mission. A thrilling episode is described in Kennan's Siberian paper, "The Free Command at the Mines of Kara." "Adoration of the Kings," one of the *Century's* gallery of Old Masters, engraved by Mr. Cole, forms the frontispiece of the number. Mrs. Van Rensselaer has an interesting article on Winchester, England, illustrated by Pennell. Fredric Remington writes and illustrates his experiences among the Apaches and Comanches. Mrs. Mary Hallock has another Far West picture—"The Last Trip In." Charles Barnard has a profusely illustrated article on "Inland Navigation of the United States," and "Woman in Early Ireland" is another illustrated paper by Mr. DeKay. Other articles are "The Temperance Question in India," by Bishop John F. Hurst; "Presentiments, Visions and Apparitions," by Rev. Dr. J. M. Buckley, fiction by Thomas A. Janvier, Edward Bellamy, and Thomas Wentworth Higginson, and poetry by half a score of writers, including the "Bric-a-Brac" work. The "Open Letters" and "Topics of the Time" departments discuss many timely and interesting subjects.

TO BUILD UP THE SYSTEM when run down from General Debility, young or old should use Doctor Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge, a pleasant and effective Tonic, a prompt corrective for a Disordered Stomach, and a sure destroyer of Worms. The large sized bottles are cheapest when a Tonic is wanted.

Blenda.

BY T. D. U.

"THE woman has behaved so badly, so so shiftily; those green-eyed women are always shifty."

The speaker was a tall, fair, florid youth of some twenty-four years of age; the locality was a smoking-room in the house of Mr. Horace Ashton, the well-known surgeon, and the hour, to be precise, was five o'clock on a dull November evening.

"You see, she first of all encouraged it, and led me to believe that she and her husband would be very glad to see Tina married to me (she is only Tina's step-mother, you know), and then, when my big brother came on the scene and began making up to my little girl—as he does to every heiress—why, then Mrs. Fowler cooled off, like the snob that she is, and told Tina that she wasn't to dance so much with me, and that—and that, in short, it wasn't to be. It was a horrid shame; don't you think so, Horace?"

"It sounds rather unfair. But perhaps Challoner doesn't really want to marry Miss Fowler."

"Oh yes, he does. He admires her immensely, to begin with; and then she'll have five thousand a year. He'd marry a witch for two more. You know what he is; he doesn't care for Tina; he doesn't care for any one but himself, whilst I——"

"But I don't quite see what I am to do, what part I am to play, or how I can serve you by coming to this supper party to-night," interrupted Horace sharply. He did not mean to be unsympathetic, but he was very tired, and he had heard so often how much, how very much, his young friend, the Honorable Humphrey Challoner, cared for the beautiful Miss Fowler.

"Well, I want your opinion and your advice, which you cannot give until you have seen the family. I want you to take particular notice of Mrs. Fowler, and to tell me what you think of her. She is years and years younger than her husband; and some people admire her immensely. She is awfully vain, I should add, and more accessible to flattery than any one I've ever met, and I believe that you might talk her over, Horace, if you would only take the trouble. You see you are clever and I'm not, and Challoner is an elder son and a viscount, and I'm a younger son with nothing; and Tina is only eighteen, and does not come of age until she is twenty-five, and she says it'll kill her to wait so long, and—and altogether we haven't a hundred-to-one chance of getting married unless somebody or other intervenes in our behalf. Captain Fowler wouldn't oppose us, I'm sure, if he were left to himself; but his wife is against me, and he is a mere lump of clay in her hands."

"All right; I'll come to the supper, then, as you are so anxious about it."

"And you'll be there by 11.30?"

"Good."

And, true to his word, at the hour named Mr. Ashton presented himself at the door of Captain Fowler's residence, a small house on the east side of Davies Street, Berkeley Square. He did not look forward with much pleasure to the evening's entertainment, for he disliked strangers, and he hated supper parties, but he was glad to oblige Humphrey Challoner, of whom he was very fond.

Upon entering the dining-room Mr. Ashton found himself in the midst of a very lively party, that numbered amongst its members two pretty Americans, two wealthy young Guardsmen—to whom the Americans were laying siege—the Fowler family, and Captain Challoner, whose account of the family Mr. Ashton soon pronounced to be correct.

Mrs. Fowler was a distinctly pretty woman, but not a pleasing one. Her expression lacked frankness, and her manner suggested an almost morbid vanity. She had a little air of making a speech every time she opened her thin lips.

Miss Fowler was simply lovely, and far too charming to be married for her money. Captain Fowler was palpably under his wife's thumb—a chinless being whose fluid character evidently took the impress of the strongest hand that grasped it.

"A hopeless case," thought Horace, after the first few minutes' talk with his hostess. "This woman is an arrant snob, and the bare idea of becoming mother-in-law to a viscount has turned her weak brain; she won't give in."

Presently the conversation, which was somewhat general, turned upon defective postal arrangements. One of the American ladies had lately posted, with her own fair hands, a letter to a friend in the Regent's Park that had never reached its destination. "Think how many an important communication may have been lost!" she exclaimed.

"Letters are never lost," said Captain Fowler, speaking with all the assertive temerity of the weak. "If a letter is rightly addressed and posted, it is delivered."

"Not always," interpolated Horace. "I could tell a curious story——"

"Oh, do," interrupted a chorus of female voices.

"Ashton tells a story awfully well," exclaimed Humphrey Challoner.

"Please tell us your story, Mr. Ashton," murmured Mrs. Fowler in a patronizing tone.

"It is an incident, an episode, rather than a story," said Horace. "A story, we are told, demands three things—a beginning, a middle, and an ending. My tale has only a beginning. And now to begin; and I must make it short, for the hour is late.

"One November day, some five years ago, I happened to come in earlier than usual, about 4 p. m., feeling very tired and desperately sleepy. I ordered tea to be brought up at once, but before I had finished my second cup I fell fast asleep, with a newspaper and some letters that my servant had just handed me lying in my lap unopened, and my fox-terrier, Neil, dozing at my feet. I must have slept, I suppose, for nearly an hour, when I suddenly woke with a violent start that sent both newspaper and letters flying on the hearth-rug, the former bursting its cover in the fall.

"When I had sufficiently recovered from the shock of this rude awakening to make any move, I stooped down and picked up the letter that was nearest to me, and which happened to be lying sealed uppermost, and without even glancing at the address tore open the envelope and proceeded to read its contents. They were startling, I must admit."

"Was the letter from a lady or gentleman, Mr. Ashton," asked one of the Americans.

"From the former, and it stated that being weary of life, and unable to submit any longer to paternal tyranny, she intended to avail herself of her darling's oft-repeated request that she would fly with him and that she therefore requested him to meet her 'at the terminus here' (where here might be, I knew not, for there was neither date nor address affixed) on Tuesday next at 4.15. I had scarcely had time to finish the letter, or to wonder who could have written it to me, when my servant entered with a telegram demanding an immediate answer. Whilst I was framing my reply Cuthbert busied himself with making up the fire, and in so doing came into active collision with Neil, whom he never could manage—and who at once began to bark in a way that drove me nearly wild. As soon as my telegram was despatched I looked round for the cover of the mysterious epistle, which I decided by this time ought never to have fallen into my hands; but it was nowhere to be seen. I asked Cuthbert if he had noticed it—a long white envelope.

"'I suppose, sir,' he answered in an aggrieved tone, for he and I were often at issue where Neil was concerned; 'that that was what the dog had got hold of just now. I did try to take it from her, but I know you don't like to hear her bark. She dropped it at last, and I threw it into the fire, but it was just a mere pulp then. You couldn't have read what was written on it.'

"So the envelope was destroyed, and with it had gone every chance of my ever being able to restore its contents to their destined recipient. Cuthbert then proceeded to inform me that he had only brought me two letters—blue ones—with the newspaper, and there they both were on the table, still unopened. So this third epistle, which was unquestionably never intended for me, had evidently arrived between the leaves of the *Field*, and had slipped out when the letter burst its cover in falling from my lap. During the following Tuesday afternoon, which was an awful one, I often thought of the unhappy young victim to paternal tyranny and hoped that she came to no serious harm."

"But her name, Mr. Ashton," exclaimed the American; "we're all dying to hear her name. Was there no signature?"

"There was, but——Good heavens! You'll be burnt."

The last remark was addressed to Mrs. Fowler, who in stretching across the table to reach some bon-bons had nearly set fire to her lace sleeve.

With great presence of mind Horace seized her arm with one hand, whilst with the other he drew back the candle, but only just in time to avert a catastrophe; and then, as his eyes met those of his hostess, it occurred to him, in a flash of revelation, that this diversion had not been wholly unpremeditated.

"Her name," he continued, after a moment's pause, "was——— But no! it is not fair to give up the name; it was such an an uncommon one, too."

Oh, the look of relief that came into those light green eyes! If Horace had doubted for one moment the truth of his suspicions he was quite sure now that they were correct.

"It could not have been a more uncommon name than my wife's," said Captain Fowler proudly, as if his wife's uncommon Christian name reflected lustre upon the whole household. "I should think, dear, that you were the only Blenda in all England."

"Very possibly, said Horace drily.

The following day, Mr. Ashton, who received patients at home throughout the morning, was honored by a visit from Mrs. Fowler. She had hurt her wrist in that little encounter with the candle, and had deemed it wiser to consult a surgeon. After giving the case his careful consideration, Horace hastened to assure his fair patient that there was nothing amiss; she had only been frightened, not hurt.

"That was a very interesting story you were telling us last night, Mr. Ashton," said Mrs. Fowler in a low nervous tone, as she was leaving the room. "Have you kept that wonderful letter?"

"I have. I thought I had destroyed it, but I came across it the other day in turning out the contents of an old dispatch box. But I mean to burn it."

"When?"

"Oh, before long. I cannot do it now, for the letter is at the top of the house, and I have at least half a dozen patients waiting to see me. But as you are so much interested in the story, Mrs. Fowler, I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll burn the letter in your presence—I'll bring it up to Davies Street——"

"Yes, yes! But when?" she asked very impatiently.

"Must I fix a date? Shall we say, then, when I come up to pay my visit of congratulation? Your step-daughter's engagement to my old friend Humphrey Challoner is an open secret."

Mrs. Fowler turned crimson with anger, and for a moment made no reply; then as Horace was opening the door she paused for the second time:

"Mr. Ashton, don't judge me too harshly. I was very young at the time—only eighteen; and I was very miserable. You don't know, perhaps, the evil of an over-repressive system of education. But, believe me, I thank God every hour of the day that I was saved from eloping with that—scamp. The miscarriage of that letter saved me. I went up to the terminus (at Portsmouth), caught a severe chill dawdling about in the cold, and was in bed for weeks afterwards. When I recovered my father was—gone."

"I do not judge you harshly, Mrs. Fowler. I do not judge you at all. It is not my place—and I need not add that you may consider my silence a point of honor. But you'll plead Humphrey's cause with your husband; won't you? Ah! I know you will. Good-bye."

"So my story has an ending after all," thought Horace as he rang for his next patient to be shown in, "but it might have had a very different one if I had only glanced at the address of that letter before breaking its seal. It is strange how the little thing and the great thing—that which is forgotten as soon as ended and that which is never forgotten—to our lives' end hang together."

CONCERNING GENERAL TALENT.—The progress of the world in valuable knowledge has been in all ages due to men in whom one faculty dominated the rest and determined the profession or pursuit of the individual. To the accumulated discoveries and inventions of such men we owe all the glories of civilization.

Rousseau said rightly that it was better to be great in one of the arts or sciences than conversant with many. He meant that it was better for the individual—for his interests, his reputation; but it is also better for mankind.

Had Newton's faculties been on a par one with the other; had he possessed what is called a "balanced mind," he had never discovered the principle of gravitation or written the "Principia." It was because one mental attribute overtopped and overshadowed all the others compelling them to its uses that he achieved such wonderful triumphs in abstract science.

Men of general talent, who possess no salient faculty directing them to one special subject of study and research, seldom make their mark in the history of their own times, and never achieve enduring fame. They shine in society, they are popular, they are useful in their day and generation, but they add little to the golden store of knowledge to which men who are great in particular branches of science and art are continually contributing new and inestimable treasures. These latter rarely possess the social qualities most prized by the world at large.

They are absent, taciturn, reserved. The gay and thoughtless vote them dull and uncompanionable, perhaps; but let us remember that they are thinking for all time, for all humanity.

If a great philosopher happen to boil his watch while he holds the egg in his hand to time the cooking, or to take up his pretty wife's finger and use it as a tobacco stopper, as Newton is said to have done with a young lady's, let us, before we ridicule such eccentricities, recollect how the absent mind was employed—what reaches it was making after hidden things, what mysteries it was unveiling, what important practical truths it was deducing from objects which the million pass with unobservant eyes.

We take it to be a principle in rational education that the master faculty, when it tends to be useful, or the beautiful, in science or art, should always be cultivated. Nature gives to one man a talent and a predilection for natural science; to another a faculty and taste for mechanics; to a third a genius for poetry, and it is impossible to make the poet a shining light in mathematics or chemistry, or the chemist or mathematician an epic poet.

A FRIENDLY GREETING.—"Man Sandy, is that you?" exclaimed in surprise an old man in the street the other day. "Man, I thocht, ye were deid. I heard ye were drooned."

"Oh, no, it wasna me, returned Sandy, solemnly. It was ma brither."

"Dear me! dear me!" murmured the old man, sympathetically, "whit a pity! whit a terrible pity!"

There is a thoughtful look on Sandy's face as he wanders away.

A MAIDEN lady in Boston, on reading an account of the marriage of Miss Georgiana Ives at Chicago to young Bentley, who saved her from drowning at the sinking of a steamer, said: "It's a very romantic affair, no doubt; but I would rather be drowned any time than to sit half the night with a young man on a piece of wreck in my nightgown."

IT has been calculated that the railroads of the world are worth nearly $300,000,000,000, or about one-tenth of the wealth of the of the civilized nations, or more than a quarter of their invested capital. At this rate all the ready money in the world would buy only about one-third of them.

Humorous.

LEARN COOKING.

A couple most loving these two used to be,
A couple most loving and tender,
And go to the world's end with pleasure would he
A service his sweet wife to render.

To-night in the gloom they are sitting apart,
She trying her sorrow to smother,
With tears in her eyes and woe at her heart,
For she can't cook as well as his mother.

—U. N. Nons.

Strong motives—Locomotives.

A marked feature—A black eye.

Cool treatment—A plate of ice cream.

A fair exchange is no robbery, unless it be a church fair exchange.

A man experiences "that sinking feeling" when he falls overboard.

Love is blind, which probably accounts for the spectacles some young lovers make of themselves.

It is hard to tell which is easiest—to go forward at a revival or backward when the revival is over.

Says the lovely Julia to the bewitching Fanny: "Why is a new baby like a cow's tail?" "Give it up." "Because it was never seen before."

Effie: "Mamma, why does the boat make that dreadful noise?" Mamma: "That is because she is going to start." Effie: "If I was as sorry as that I wouldn't go."

A distinction. "Did you get that box of cigars I sent you?" inquired his fiancee. "Yes, dear," "And how did you like them?" "The box was very nice, indeed," he said, softly.

"How old are you, Tommy?" "Nine when I am on my feet, and six when I stand on my head." "That's funny. How do you make it?" "Why, if you stand a 9 on its head, it's a 6, isn't it?"

"Wish th-that boy belonged to me," said a crusty, stuttering old bachelor. "What would you do with him?" "I'd 'p-p-point his funeral for d-day after to-morrow, and I'd s-s-see that he was ready."

Mamma: "Bobby, I notice that your little sister took the smaller apple. Did you let her have her choice, as I told you to?" Bobby: "Yes, I told her she could have the little one or none, and she chose the little one."

Mr. Grouty, in Park: "I'm surprised, sir, that you allow that boy to speak so impudently." Great man's servant: "This isn't my boy, sir; it's my young master. If he were one of my children I'd give him a good hiding."

A fellow in an oblivious state took up his lodgings on the sidewalk. He woke next morning, and, straightening himself, looked at the ground on which he had made his couch. "Well," said he, "if I had a pick-axe I would make up my bed."

"What are you digging there for?" asked a loiterer of three men who were digging a trench in the street. "Money, sir," the answer came. The man watched the operation until the joke got through to the roots of his hair, and then moved on.

"What is an echo?" asked the teacher of the infant class. "It's what you hear when you shout," replied a youngster. "Is it caused by a hill or a hollow?" asked the teacher. "Both," was the ready reply. "How so?" "The hill throws back the holler."

A Buffalo poet who contributes to a paper of that city rhymes "vile corpus" with "chol'ra morbus." If Buffalo does not desire to see the hands on the dial of American literature go hopelessly back she will frown down this bard of hers with a brickbat.

Jones, who is in bad health, but improving, returns home, whereupon his wife says: "Well, and how are you now?" Jones: "Better. In fact, I feel quite another man." Wife: "I'm glad to hear it. I was getting tired of the old one." Jones continues to improve.

Judge: "You were arrested for walking on the grass in the Park, and that, too, right near a notice warning you to keep off." Accused: "Yes; I'm nearsighted, you know, and I couldn't make out what the sign was, so I went over on the grass to read it and was arrested."

This is a good time to plant cats. The cat should be prepared with a boot-jack, revolver, or some other utensil, and then planted under a plum tree. If you have not got a plum tree, plant anywhere. Plant all you can, and plant deep. This branch of agriculture is too much neglected.

Friend: "How do you like your new clerk Razzle?" Great merchant: "He is all right in every respect, except that he is so punctual. I am afraid I'll have to discharge him for that one fault." "You surprise me. Do you consider punctuality a fault?" "Yes; you see he is punctually one hour late every morning."

A Texan tells this story of lost opportunities: "Now you see," said he, "land was cheap enough at one time in Texas. I've seen the day when I could have bought a square league of land, covered with fine grass and timber, for a pair of boots." "And why didn't you buy it?" asked his companion. "Didn't have the boots," said the Texan.

A frank explanation. "Mr. Dashaway," said one of the real lady boarders, as she polished her plate with her napkin, "I hope you will pardon me for mentioning it, but we ladies have been remarking of late that you never appear at the table twice wearing the same necktie." "The fact is, madame," said Dashaway, as he glanced grimly at Mrs. Slimdiet, the landlady, "I must have some variety."

Work for workers! Are you ready to work, and do you want to make money? Then write to B. F. Johnson & Co., of Richmond, Va., and see if they cannot help you.

THE WAY THE PIANO GREW—The piano, as we see it to-day, is the growth of centuries of invention. In its infancy it was a harp with two or three strings. From time to time more strings were added, and after awhile the cithara was born. The cithara was in the shape of the letter P, and had ten strings.

It took many centuries for musicians to get the idea of stretching the strings across an open box, but somewhere about the year 1200 this was thought of, and the dulcimer made its appearance, the strings being struck with hammers.

For another hundred years these hammers were held in the hand of the player, and then a genius invented a keyboard, which, being struck by the fingers, moved the hammers.

This instrument was called a clavicytherium, or keyed cithara. This underwent some modifications and improvements from time to time.

In Queen Elizabeth's time it was called a virginal. Then it was called a spine, because the hammers were covered with spines of quills, which struck or caught the strings of wires and produced the sound. From 1700 to 1800 it was much enlarged and improved, and called a harpsichord.

In 1710, Bartolomeo Cristofori, an Italian, invented a key or keyboard, such as we have now substantially, which caused hammers to strike the wires from above, and thus developed the piano.

In the past 150 years there is no musical instrument which has so completely absorbed the inventive faculty of man as the piano.

AN OLD DINNER PARTY.—An old writer gives an interesting description of an English dinner party in the middle of the seventeenth century.

When a feast was made ready, we are told, the table was covered with a carpet and a tablecloth by the waiters, who, besides, arranged the trenchers, spoons, knives with little forks, table napkins, bread, etc.

Messes were brought in platters; a pie in a plate. The guests being brought in by the host, washed their hands out of a laver or ewer over a hand basin or bowl, and wiped them with a hand towel. The carver cut up the good cheer and distributed it among the guests. Sauces were set among the roast meat in saucers.

"The butler," says this old writer, "filleth strong wine out of a cruse or wine pot or flagon into cups or glasses which stand on a cup-board, and he reacheth them to the master of the feast, who drinketh to his guests."

WIBBLE: "Don't tell me that advertising amounts to anything. I advertised three consecutive days for an old woman to act as housekeeper, and never got a single answer."

Wabble: "It was your own fault that you didn't. You should have advertised for a middle-aged woman."

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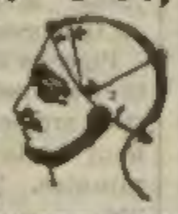

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No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Fringettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also **Dollard's Regenerative Cream**, to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER,
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov. 28, '82. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

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I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

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Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

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Very nearly, if not quite all of our readers, would like to preserve their copies of THE POST if it could be done easily, neatly and effectively. Its size makes it specially adapted for convenient and tasteful binding, so that by the proper means, it can be made a neat volume for future reference or preservation, and at the same time an attractive and pretty ornament for the centre table. This means of binding THE POST proposes to furnish in offering to its subscribers one of the "NEW HANDY BINDERS," now so popular, and which are unquestionably the most perfect and handsome articles of the kind ever produced.

THE BINDER is made specially for THE POST; contains one copy or the series of a year with equal security, thus preserving the paper thoroughly from loss, soiling or injury. THE BINDER works so simply that it is the task of only a minute to insert the paper, when by cutting the edges it has all the comfort and convenience of reading and handling possessed by the best bound book. THE BINDER, apart from its usefulness in this respect, is also a handsome piece of furniture; it is made of embossed imitation leather, neatly and tastefully ornamented in gilt with the title "SATURDAY EVENING POST" in bright gold lettering across the centre of outside page. It makes an article of beauty in itself, and of value as a handy receptacle for THE POST, that only needs be seen by our subscribers to be fully appreciated.

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TO PLAY MUSIC
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This Can Be Done by Means of the
INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE to the PIANO or ORGAN.

Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called, or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY, correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys. Thus the player has the full effect of the bass and treble clefs, together with the power of making correct and harmonious chords in accompaniments. It must be plainly understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book, and without previously needing to know the difference between A or G, a half-note or a quarter-note, a sharp or a flat. The Guide is placed on the instrument, and the player, without reference to anything but what he is shown by it to do, can in a few moments play the piece accurately and without the least trouble. Although it does not and never can supplant regular books of study, it will be of incalculable assistance to the player by "ear" and all others who are their own instructors. By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

The Guide, we repeat, will not learn how to read the common sheet music. But it will teach those who cannot spend years learning an instrument, how to learn a number of tunes without EITHER PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OR STUDY. A child if it can say its A, B, C's and knows a tune—say "The Sweet Bye and Bye"—can play it, after a few attempts, quite well. There are many who would like to be able to do this, for their own and the amusement of others, and to such we commend The Guide as BOUND TO DO for them ALL WE SAY. Its cheapness and usefulness, moreover, would make it a very good present to give a person, whether young or old, at Christmas. Almost every home in the land has a piano, organ or melodeon, whereon seldom more than one of the family can play. With this Guide in the house everybody can make more or less good use of their instruments.

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS. (Postage stamps, 5's, taken.) For Ten Cents extra a music book, containing the words and music for 100 popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address

THE GUIDE MUSIC CO.,
726 SANSOM ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Latest Fashion Phases.

There are some original designs for Court gowns, as well as for bridal, day and evening toilettes. The Court dresses are novel.

One, a train of rich brocade, with alternate satin stripes and brocade, has a rounded edge with a ruche inside. Up one side is carried a graduated piece of white embroidery, with some well-wrought chrysanthemums.

In one the bodice opens front to show a white full vest, the sleeves are of the handkerchief form. The front of the skirt is white tulle, with clusters of chrysanthemums matching the embroidery, panels of brocade at the side, with long pleats of tulle.

The other Court dress is in the Empire style. The train and bodice cut in one, the train square, with three prominent panaches of white ostrich plumes.

The front of the skirt and bodice is of white crepe de Chine, fringed and embroidered with pearls at the foot; the belt worked just across the front, coming below the bust. The fulness of this bodice is caught up to one shoulder with ostrich plumes.

A particularly handsome wedding dress had a long Court train, with a thick ruche inside; the skirt with sash ends on one side was draped with lace.

The bodice opened with revers, and crossing bands were carried over the drapery. The close-fitting sleeves had pointed epaulettes, the front falling in pleats.

There were many beautiful dresses in a trousseau just completed. A yellow and white brocaded dinner dress, with Brussels lace, was a very great success in drapery.

A dinner gown had a front of crepe de Chine embroidered, and a straight train of yellow satin, with stripes and floral brocade; a low bodice, the folds crossing, edged with crepe de Chine, disappearing in sash ends, and forming a point at the side; the sleeves being of the handkerchief form.

A black and white morning gown had a black and white skirt slightly puffed at the back, the rest plain, opening at the side to show a panel of striped material on the cross.

The bodice was half on the straight, and half on the cross, and three black rosettes ornamented the cross-cut sleeves. This was a very clever manipulation of stripes.

A dinner gown was made in light blue stripes of satin and corded silk, on which was thrown a handsome brocade; this formed the train and bodice, the latter being turned back with the new Court revers of lace, fell over a puffed front of Japanese crepe, which carried down, formed a petticoat of soft draperies.

Reseda is a tone which is likely to be well worn throughout the season, and a useful and good-looking gown had been made in this tint in cashmere, and trimmed with a lighter shade of moire, fastened by large Directoire buttons.

A fine black and white striped woollen, having the effect of a coloring tone, was trimmed with the new black lace passementerie; a heavy rich guipure of black silk braid united by lace stitches; there was a panel of black watered ribbon on either side.

The bodice was full, in the Empire style, with a steel silk folded vest. A costume jacket to match made the whole complete.

A pretty black silk mantelette, trimmed with jet and lace, fitting closely to the figure with straight loose sleeves, falling from the shoulder below the elbow, looped with wide lace and jet.

Washing dresses are simple and elegant. A blue zephyr had the front covered with bands of white muslin guipure, the bodice crossing and disappearing in the sash. The embroidery gave great firmness and dressiness to the simple material.

Another blue cotton, with white embroidered front, had the bodice and skirt in one, forming a diagonal point at the waist, fastening across the embroidery, which appeared above and below.

A beige-colored woollen gown, for a wedding, had a vest of silver embroidery, similar trimming being carried round the tabs, which bordered the waist; the vest was of white silk.

A walking jacket of the same tone had loose open fronts, with gold a vest beneath. This is certainly the most stylish form of jacket, and proves very becoming to the figure.

A rich black gauze evening gown had a wide sash of moire, the front all jet, the bodice banded, half moire half net, the sleeves ending in a band beneath the elbow.

Besides pretty dress, there is some charming millinery. We had seen many of the flat circles of straw and crinoline, and had wondered how it was possible they could be transmogrified into becoming hats.

The flat plate-shaped foundation was of black crinoline straw, lined with vieux rose, bunches of pink flowers outside, the back deftly turned up, pink ribbons beneath; but the treatment and the way the hat rested on the hair cannot be described.

There is a great success with the Greek polonaise. The red skirt had a white Greek polonaise, which was draped on one shoulder. Fashionable embroidery is introduced with great success.

A white silk and cashmere was bordered with a good design in satin, outlined and embroidered in gold. This had a pleated front to the skirt, and a most becoming yoke.

Some of the materials are of unusual beauty. A blue woollen had a bordering of art red, hand-woven in excellent design.

Mantles promise to be mostly worn small, covering the dress bodice. A pretty model, light and dressy, was a combination of lace and silk, a wide sash falling on the skirt, the lace forming sleeves, which fell to the elbow.

Foulards are, many of them, in the brightest shades of red, navy blue, green and old rose, although quieter colors have such large showy patterns that their sober tints hardly suffice to make them the quiet, cool-looking fabrics desirable for summer dresses.

The efforts made of late by the best Parisian couturieres to revive the vogue for skirt draperies have had a considerable effect on the summer fashions, and numbers of dresses are now made with draperies slightly puffed below the slope of the waist.

At present these draperies show no sign of exaggeration, and they are certainly more becoming and more generally liked than the plain, straight lines and shortwaists of the Empire style of dress.

A very stylish dress in red foulard, with a large although light pattern in black and white, has two breadths crossed in front and slightly draped at the top; where they open at about the level of the knees a small portion of a white lace under-skirt is revealed, the two breadths of foulard being joined by a bow; the back is slightly draped at the top to correspond with the front.

The bodice has no breast-pleats, but is not otherwise full, and the fronts are open and ornamented with a very wide sailor collar of white surah.

The white lace chemisette under the open fronts is arranged in easy folds, fastened together at the throat with a little brooch.

The cuffs are of white surah, and the ribbon waistband tied on the left side is also white.

Another very stylish dress is in brick-red, with an outline pattern printed in buff. The skirt of the dress is straight, but open on the left side over a narrow pleated panel of plain silk.

A flounce of buff guipure lace lined with plain silk is put on at the waist and falls in easy coquille folds on each side of the panel.

The bodice is widely opened on the chest over a draped fichu of guipure, fastened with a brooch, leaving the neck a little exposed.

These lace fichu plastrons, it may be noted *en passant*, will be very fashionable this season with plain and crossed bodices. The opening of the bodice is framed with guipure, revers, and the sleeves are ornamented with pointed epaulets and paraments to match.

Bows on the shoulders and a waistband on the right side, ending above the panel on the left, complete the dress.

Odds and Ends.

GAME FOR INVALIDS.

Of game birds the woodcock outranks all in delicate tenderness and sweet flavor. The thigh is especially deemed a choice tid-bit.

The leg is the finest part of the snipe, but generally the breast is the most juicy and nutritious part of birds.

White-meated game should be cooked to well-done; dark-meated game to rare. The flesh of wild animals is harder and more solid, and has a less proportion of fat and juices to the lean, and is, therefore, less easy of mastication when eaten within a day, and more nutritious, and the flavor more concentrated.

Their decided flavor recommends them to invalids or others who are satiated with ordinary food. Keeping game renders it more tender and brings out its flavor.

When birds have become slightly tainted, pick clean as soon as possible and immerse in new milk for twenty-four hours, when they will be quite sweet and fit for cooking.

Birds should be carefully picked (removing all feathers that come off easily), plunged in a pan of boiling water and skinned, drawn, wiped clean and all shot removed.

Game should not be washed unless absolutely necessary for cleanliness. With care in dressing, wiping with a damp towel will render them perfectly clean. If necessary to wash, do it quickly and use as little water as possible.

The more plainly all kinds of game are cooked the better they retain their fine flavor. They require a brisker fire than poultry, but take less time to cook. Their color, when done, should be a fine yellowish brown. Serve on toast.

Broiling is a favorite method of cooking game, and all birds are exceedingly nice roasted.

To broil, split down the back, open and flatten the breast by covering with a cloth and pounding, season with pepper, and lay the inside first on the gridiron; turn as soon as browned, and when almost done take off the gridiron.

When done, place in a hot dish, butter both sides well and serve at once. The time required in broiling is about twenty minutes.

To roast, season with salt and pepper, place a lump of butter inside, truss, skewer and place in the oven.

The flavor is best preserved without stuffing, but a plain bread dressing, with a piece of salt pork or ham skewered on the breast is very nice.

A delicate way of dressing is to place an oyster dipped in the well-beaten yolk of an egg or in butter, and then rolled in bread crumbs, inside each bird.

Allow thirty minutes to roast or longer if stuffed. Wild ducks, pheasants and grouse are alway best when roasted.

To lard game, cut fat salt pork into thin, narrow strips; thread a larding needle with one of the strips; run the needle under the skin and a little of the flesh of the bird, and draw the pork half-way through, so that the ends of the strips exposed will be of equal length. The strips should be about one inch apart.

The larding interferes with the natural flavor of the bird, but renders it more juicy. Many prefer tying a piece of bacon on the breast instead.

Pigeons should be cooked a long time, as they are usually quite lean and tough, and they are better to lie in salt water half an hour or to be parboiled in it for a few minutes. They are roasted or made in a pie.

In preparing fat wild ducks for invalids, it is a good plan to remove the skin, and keep a day or two before cooking.

Squirrels should be carefully skinned and laid in salt water a short time before cooking; if old, parboil. They are delicious broiled and are excellent cooked in any way with thin slices of bacon.

Venison is justly considered a savory dish. The haunch, neck, shoulder and saddle should be roasted; roast or broil the breast and fry or broil the steaks with slices of salt pork.

Venison requires more time for cooking than beefsteak. The hams are excellent pickled, smoked or dried, but they will not keep so long as other smoked meats.

Doughnuts.—One quart of flour, two eggs, one cup of sugar, two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one cup milk and one teaspoonful of butter.

Light Cake.—Two cups of flour, two eggs, two cups of sugar, one cup of sweet milk, two teaspoonfuls of lemon extract, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter.

Chicken Pot Pie.—Cut and wash chicken, boil for fifteen minutes, then take out and put in a kettle with several slices of salt pork and two or three pints of water, a sprinkling of salt, one tablespoonful of butter, and add dumplings; cook about an hour.

Baked Indian Pudding.—Boil one quart of milk, leaving out one small cupful; mix this with five even tablespoonfuls of Indian meal; stir it into the milk and boil for ten minutes. Melt into the mush, taking the kettle from the fire, two ounces of butter, stirring it well in. Then stir in one teacupful of brown sugar, one teacupful of molasses, half a nutmeg (grated), one tablespoonful of ground cinnamon, half a teaspoonful of ground cloves, and four eggs, beaten very light. Bake two hours.

Confidential Correspondents.

C. F. G.—Just at present we have no need of anything of the kind.

HARRISON L.—The various religious sects in the United States number about fifty, counting in the numerous branches of some of the principal denominations. The principal branches of the Baptists believe in single immersion, except the Tunkers, who are said to dip three times.

OPIE.—In one sense the Mississippi river does run up hill; that is, its mouth is further from the earth's centre than its source. This is caused by the polar diameter of the earth being less than the equatorial so that rivers which run south towards the equator, run into regions of increasing diameter.

NOVICE.—The proper length of an evening call depends on circumstances. On the degree of intimacy, for instance, the means of entertainment, the habits of the family visited, etc. It is safer to commit sins of omission than of commission in this respect, and to shorten the visit rather than make it too long.

AGNES.—You run the risk of making bad worse for fear of speaking a few plain words. Tell him that his love passages are objectionable. If he continues them, drop the correspondence. The betrothal ring is of very ancient use, as also the wedding ring. The ring symbolises eternity and constancy, whence its use for these purposes.

SHOOK.—The cause of earthquakes is not certainly known. They are closely connected with volcanic action, and are supposed to result from movements of liquid matter in the earth's interior. The theory is that the whole interior is occupied by melted matter, with a comparatively thin crust of solid rock. The greatest depth of the north Atlantic is about 4½ miles. Its average depth is not known.

ATLANTIC.—Aphrodite is the Greek Venus. The name is taken from the fabled birth of this Goddess from the foam of the sea. Aphros means sea-foam, and the rest of the word is a Greek verb, to constitute; so that Aphrodite means, made from sea-foam. Venus was nurtured on the isle of Cyprus, whence the adjective Cyprian. As to its modern application, the fact that it was originally applied to the Goddess of Love, affords a ready clue.

POSS.—You can make an excellent Ginger Beer by using the following receipt: Take of lump sugar 1 lb., bruised ginger ½ to 1 oz., cream of tartar ½ oz., one lemon, sliced. Pour on them one gallon of boiling water. Cover and macerate until the water is lukewarm. Then strain, add 2 oz. of yeast, and allow it to work from two to four days, according to the weather. Strain through clean flannel, bottle, and wire the corks.

GLYCERINE.—Nitro-glycerine is formed by dissolving glycerine in equal parts of the strongest nitric and sulphuric acids, which have been previously cooled. The solution is poured in a thin stream into a large volume of water. The Nitro-glycerine is precipitated as a colorless, heavy oil. It first became an article of commercial value about 1864, but had been known for nearly twenty years before, being originally discovered by an Italian.

E. G. M.—In writing compositions the practice is the important matter, almost any subject will answer. As for your second question we consider that a very imperfect culture which is entirely devoted to the practical. No engine will run without oil, and that mind which is utterly unsoftened by poetry or romance must grate horribly over its rough pavement of facts. Read light literature with judgment and discretion, and you will find your taste and memory improved instead of injured.

ATLAS.—"Dred Scott" was a Missouri slave. His owner took him in 1834 to Illinois, a State in which slavery was prohibited by statute, allowed him to marry and live there until 1838, and then took him to Minnesota, a Territory in which slavery was prohibited by act of Congress in 1820, known as the Missouri Compromise. Thence his owner took him back to Missouri, where he was whipped for some offense and brought suit for damages, claiming to have become a free man by his residence in Illinois and Minnesota.

PRAIRA.—Get married with the full intention not to let yourself or your wife suffer, is the best counsel we can give you. Don't marry in the hope that somebody else is to take the burden of your life on his shoulders. They are helped best who help themselves. You can state what you please to the lady. She can do no worse than give you the mitten. If you really wish our advice, it is to ask no such questions. Marry with the intention of furnishing your own house. Then if fortune sends you any favors, you can properly appreciate them.

TARBORER.—The boomerang is a piece of hard wood, about two feet long and bent in the centre. One side is flat and the other rounded. When used it is thrown as if to strike an object standing some thirty yards in advance. Instead of going directly forward, it slowly ascends into the air, in a curved line, whirling round and round. After attaining a considerable height it begins to retrograde, sweeping over the head of the thrower, and strikes the ground behind him. The Australians are very dexterous in striking game with this strange weapon.

COMPO.—The periosteum is a very firm whitish-yellow membrane encircling the bones, closely attached to them in most places, and very smooth. This occurs on every part of every bone, except at the articulations, and upon the crown of the teeth. It is, when healthy, perfectly insensible, and contains the vessels which ramify into the bones, being in fact the nutrient membrane of the bones. Besides this function, the periosteum serves as a point of attachment for the ligaments and tendons, inasmuch as they could not find firm attachment on the bone itself.

INQUIRER.—Two good and simple recipes for removing freckles are: 1. One ounce of alum, one ounce of lemon juice in a pint of rosewater. 2. Scrape horse-radish into a cup of cold sour milk. Let it stand twelve hours and then strain. Apply each once or twice a day. To remove tan take of new milk half a pint, lime juice one quarter of an ounce, white brandy, half an ounce. Boil well and skin clear from scum. Use night and morning. We cannot say that the meal of potatoes would do any harm for such purposes. At the same time we do not think they would do much good.